

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1873.

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OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
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This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLEC-
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Interest allowed on Currency Accounts at the rate
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We receive the accounts of Banks, Bank-
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We make special arrangements for interest
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telegraph, will receive careful attention.

FISK & HATCH.

A FIRST-CLASS
New York Security
AT A LOW PRICE.

The undersigned offer for sale the First Mortgage
Seven Per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Syracuse and Che-
nango Valley Railroad, at 95 and accrued interest.

This road runs from the City of Syracuse to Smith's
Valley, where it unites with the New York Midland
Railroad, thus connecting that city by a direct line of
road with the metropolis.

Its length is 42 miles, its cost about \$42,000 per mile,
and it is mortgaged for less than \$12,000 per mile; the
balance of the funds required for its construction hav-
ing been raised by subscription to the capital stock.

The road approaches completion. It traverses a
populous and fertile district of the State, which in-
sures it a paying business, and it is under the control
of gentlemen of high character and ability. Its bonds
possess all the requisites of an inviting investment.
They are amply secured by a mortgage for less than
one-third the value of the property. They pay seven
per cent. gold interest, and are offered five per cent.
below par. The undersigned confidently recommend
them to all class of investors.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,
No. 25 Nassau Street.

TO INVESTORS.

To those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR
DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE

THEIR INCOME from means already invested in less
profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty

Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Com-
pany as well secured and unusually productive.

The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent.
premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands, at Market

Prices. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths
per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8 1-4 currency
—yielding an income more than one-third greater than

U. S. 5-20s. Gold Checks for the semi-annual in-
terest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the post-

office address of the owner. All marketable stocks
and bonds are received in exchange for Northern
Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
32 Wall Street, N. Y.

Circular Notes and Letters of Credit for travelers;
also Commercial Credits issued available throughout
the world.

Bills of Exchange on the Imperial Bank of London,
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land and all their branches.

Telegraphic Transfers of money on Europe, San
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Deposit accounts received in either Currency or
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Deposit issued bearing interest at current rate; Notes
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ROAD COMPANY'S

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.
Secured as they are by a first mortgage on the Road,
Land Grant, Franchise and Equipments, combined
in one mortgage, they command at once a ready
market.

A Liberal Sinking Fund provided in the Mortgage
Deed must advance the price upon the closing of the
loan. Principal and interest payable in gold. Inter-
est at eight (8) per cent. per annum. Payable semi-
annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. De-
nominations, \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 Coupons, or Regis-
tered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest, in currency, from
February 15, 1872.

Maps, Circulars, Documents and information fur-
nished.

Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New
York.

Can now be had through the principal Banks and
Bankers throughout the country, and from the under-
signed who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO., Bankers,
No. 11 Wall Street, New York.

AUGUST BELMONT & CO.,

Bankers,

50 WALL STREET,

Issue Letters of Credit to Travelers, available in all
parts of the world through the

**MESSRS. DE ROTHSCHILD AND THEIR
CORRESPONDENTS.**

Also, make telegraphic transfers of money on Cali-
fornia, Europe and Havana.

TOLEDO, PEORIA

AND

WARSAW RAILWAY,

SECOND MORTGAGE CON-

VERTIBLE 7 PER

CENT. CURRENCY BONDS.

INTEREST WARRANTS PAYABLE

OCTOBER AND APRIL,

PRINCIPAL 1886.

We offer for sale \$100,000 of the above bonds in
block. By act of reorganization of the Company these
bonds are convertible into the First Preferred Shares
of the Company, which amounts to only 17,000 shares,
and into the Consolidated Bonds (recently negotiated
at Amsterdam) of six millions of dollars, which cover
the entire line of 230 miles of completed road, to-
gether with all the rolling stock and real property, to
the value of more than ten millions of dollars. The
road crosses the entire State of Illinois and connect
with the mammoth iron bridges spanning the Missis-
sippi at Keokuk and Burlington. The income of the
road for the year will net sufficient to pay interest on
all the bonded indebtedness and dividend on the pre-
ferred shares.

For terms apply to

CLARK, DODGE & CO.,

Corner Wall and William Streets.

RAILROAD IRON,

FOR SALE

BY S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,

71 BROADWAY.

[Continued from Sixteenth Page.]
THE ALARM IN THE TOMBS.

WHY SO FEW VISITORS ARE ADMITTED.

MR. TRAIN'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

It has recently leaked out that there is some cause for anxiety on behalf of the prison officials about keeping the Coming dictator in the Tombs. His "insanity" has been taking a practical turn. Some time last week he took all the murderers who visit his cell into his confidence one at a time, and revealed his plot for upturning the jail.

THE CONSPIRACY.

We got this information from one of the murderers (who shall be nameless.) Mr. Train made each take an oath not to reveal the plot. He said that we are all being murdered here through this putrid stench they call air, and we are justified in getting out. And then he remarked naively, "We can surrender ourselves to some better place where they will allow us to live." He said over forty men had been murdered since he came in. He showed us, said our informant, how easily we could take the Tombs without losing a life. He spoke of strategy at Marseilles in protecting Cluseret against the guards.

THE PLAN OF BATTLE.

He showed us where all the alarm wires and bells were that connected with the police outside—one was near his door; those were to be cut. He then showed us where the keepers carried their revolvers. The plan was, at a given signal to pinion the keeper, on every corridor and force them into the cells; 56 was the one for the second tier. By this plan no alarm could be given outside, and the wires all cut nobody could be notified. Then, having got possession of the keys, the prisoners were all to be liberated, and, under strict discipline, were to be given the police arms below. The hour selected was about three o'clock, when the visitors were all gone and the patrol was away. Then the whole four hundred were to march up Broadway to find some better jail where they could breathe free air. They, however, before leaving, were to set the jail on fire, for fear some more murders might take place. As Mr. Train told this with such apparent earnestness and under strict secrecy, to one at a time, no one to tell the other on comparing notes, as these things are always confidences, the prisoners actually felt that there was a deep-laid plan. Hence last Tuesday orders were given to admit no visitors (the reason given that it was on account of Foster), but as the same restrictions have been kept up since; the scare is general. The murderers were at once prevented from going into Mr. Train's cell, and Tuesday, yesterday, Nichols was not even allowed into the Tombs to see his chief. Mr. Train was asked about the matter, but he was very reticent, said it was probably all a joke, but declined to give any information. There is no doubt about the anxiety of the officers and commissioners to get Mr. Train out of the Tombs, hence the apparent haste of this Lunacy Commission.

A STARTLING SENSATION IN THE TOMBS.

THE RUMORED REPORT OF THE POISONING OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Our reporter found the report going like wildfire through the Tombs that George Francis Train had been poisoned, and failing to get an interview with him as before, the rules having become very suddenly strict in his case, we have from another source picked up what items we can. It seems that Mr. Train has been failing the last few days, and Sunday afternoon Stokes went into his cell (the now historical 56) and said: "What makes you look so pale, Mr. Train? What's the matter here? The stench is terrible." Stokes had just come in from his walk in the yard (being a sheriff's prisoner, not warden's) and felt the fearful atmosphere from the vault more particularly in comparison with the oxygen he had just left.

SMASHING A HOLE THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT.

Mr. Train remarked that he was breaking down at last, and felt under the weather. "The fact is, Stokes, I feel that I have been poisoned. King ate some of those figs sent in, and he is also 'knocked up,' as they say in England, and has not been out of his cell for some days." Mr. Train here became much paler, and nearly fainted, when Kilroy, the keeper in charge, brought in a ladder and broke out the sky-light, which relieved him at once; and although it is fearfully cold, Mr. Train prefers the cold to the carbon.

SUSPICION OF POISON.

Monday his coffee was very black with a strange taste, and as chemistry is one of Mr. Train's Eugene Aram studies, he felt that it was poisoned. [This accounts for his presentiment, see epigram interview with our reporter, where he speaks of his mission being ended.—ED. WEEKLY.] Tuesday morning he changed his diet—a simple cup of tea and a piece of bread. He, however, got little sleep and seemed to feel that his days were numbered. In the afternoon Stokes came in again, and Mr. Train had another fainting spell. Dr. Nealis, however, said that the pulse seemed in order, although the chills and fever were showing themselves.

THE PRISON FARE.

Mr. Train's dinner came up just then, when he sent it back saying he was sick, had no appetite. Stokes asked him if he feared poison. Mr. Train said yes; it is on the cards. "I believe I am going to die." Stokes then went out and brought Mr. Train some of his roast chicken and soup, and a roll, and the report flew through the jail that Mr. Train was poisoned.

IS MR. TRAIN TO BE MURDERED?

We understand that he completely exonerates the prison kitchen of any such attempt, but thinks that something may have been thrown into the coffee in transit. After the extraordinary illegal incarceration without trial for fourteen weeks; and then the astonishing audacity in sending him in broad daylight to Blackwell's Island, we certainly should not be surprised to hear any moment that he was dead by poison or assassination.]

(From the Editor of the Toledo Sun.)

THE BOLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WEST.

TOLEDO, O., March 23, 1873.

Dear Geo. Francis Train:

Fifteen columns out this week again! Seems to me the thing is working itself better with time! I crowded in all I could get in, and left out much that would have counted. One hundred columns of copy under way. But it is a good thing to have a full load safely emptied, and a certainty to drop back for another cargo. Lay it on warm for No. 75. Think of crowding in about ten columns of the Tombs sermon for Sunday! It is vivid. I have caught the inspiration of your prayer, and think I can *pew* out one every week, providing the brethren require prayer.

THE SARDINES AND PISMIRIS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

These sardines are all made out of the same timber. They are the same in New York as they are in Toledo. Y. M. C. A. measurement is about 34 inches short on the yard. I have tried hard to get a copy of their petition to the Ohio Legislature to suppress "obscene" literature in Lucas Co. (Toledo, Lucas Co., O.) I had two persons employed to pass them round for signature; am trying yet. Want a few names to hang out for record. Hope they get their special legislation. I won't print the *Sun* in a community under such restrictions. I would stand any amount of persecution on the contents of the *Sun* or the Holy Bible. What you have endured is being scored to your honor and credit. The pismires who run newspapers want a 2-inch augur hole somewhere near the scalp, the contents removed, and rotten cheese or a sponge inserted. They are showing as little brain in this controversy as it is reasonable to expect they possess. The animus works out strong, showing that you are the *living power* of this country. All the slush they can heap upon you will not soil your garments nor tarnish your fair name. To be great is to be misunderstood. You are a passenger on this boat. Keep your lead pencil moving and your tongue alive and you will "fetch" them, a few at a time, and those few will bring in the rest.

Glad to see the Woodhull batteries are opening. Their last was a great paper. Let them bombshell the East, I will the West, and together we will spike all the journals in the land. The public are stronger than the politicians. Are you in jail, out of jail, or where? I know wherever you are we can put our finger upon a true man and a free one. But keep me posted during these times of expectancy. I will stand by you in the asylum or in the penitentiary—but, good-bye, George. Should you ever drop into a camp-meeting, then I would declare you INSANE.

The Young Reformer is ripening. All in good health. Hope you are as well as in the past.

Yours, fervently,

JOHN A. LANT.

[From one of the Editors of the Jersey City Journal.]

ANOTHER HABEAS CORPUS WRIT.

[Waiting at the gate.]

Dear Mr. Train—This must be stopped; the people want you outside the bars. Don't be obstinate. You will be brought out on a writ of *habeas corpus*. To Utica you must not go and shall not go. The matter is in the hands of Mr. Mott, who will call on you to day. I will see you to-morrow, if permitted.

Your friend, Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher-Bishop, insisted on getting this writ. It is the best, the only course. Mrs. B. has employed Attorney Mott own her on responsibility, as you refused to allow her to act. She could not bear to see you dragged to a mad-house. There is abundant proof in the possession of Mrs. B. to prove Hammond's conspiracy. Mott understands all. Now, Train, take my advice and do not refuse to come out. May God bless you.

S. W. PAYNE,

EPIGRAM.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

To E. S. Stokes, with thanks for the breakfast:

HONOR ONE ANOTHER.

His father kicked him in the street,
His uncle slamm'd the door in his face;
He fed on the husks, the same did eat,
Vagabonding from place to place.
He married against the family will,
A noble woman for his wife,
Whose unpaid devotion lingers still,
Ending only with her *ebbing* life.
A small percentage of the sum
Expended since the fearful crime
Might have reclaimed this erring son
And thus have made his life sublime.

* * * * *
Conductor of car; driver of stage;
Foreman of stable. What a page
Of neglect. No wonder that rum
Maddened him, till the deed was done;
They call him a reckless, drunken sot.
Is that why a son should be forgot?
Was it in order to hide the shame.
They paid so much when too late for a name?
It seems there's nothing like smell of hemp,
That can open the pocket of Kemp.
He passed out the money. Is he a Thug?
He is a druggist! Did he furnish the drug?

THE TOMBS, Cell 56, Murderers' Row, March 26, 14th week.

LAST EPIGRAM BEFORE ASYLUM.

WEDNESDAY, SECOND P. S.

Ring out again the prison bard,
Five new coffins in the yard.
Before you call a man a liar.
Question Mayor Havemeyer.
Our daily life is dark and dread
In the Tombs City of the dead.

G. F. T.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE JUST BEFORE GOING TO PRESS.

Our reporter succeeded in getting access, with difficulty, to the coming Dictator. He found three French Communist Generals, very excited, talking with Mr. Train in French. "We are not well up in the language," says the reporter, but he heard enough to lead him to suppose that Mr. Train can give an order, as *Chef de la Ligue du Midi*, that would burn the city of New York.

Reporter.—Our paper is just going to press; has anything new transpired?

Mr. Train.—Yes, and it may change the programme. I have not time to talk with you, but look over these letters and form your own conclusions.

[We quietly took short-hand notes and returned them, and hope the writers will not consider we have taken a liberty, as Mr. Train did not say that they were not to be printed.]

FROM EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL CHATFIELD.

TUESDAY, March 18, 1873.

Dear Train—May I get a *habeas corpus* for you to-morrow and bring you before the Court to be discharged or bailed? You must not go to the Asylum; it will ruin you utterly. I cannot stand by and see you sacrificed, but can do nothing without your consent. Shall I proceed. It is life or death for you.

Truly, &c.,

L. S. CHATFIELD.

Reporter.—What reply did you make?

G. F. Train.—Declined, of course. I will not be a party to releasing the Government from the fraud they have committed. I have requested the General to do nothing. He said he had a right to defend liberty as a citizen!

FROM A FRIEND OF THE GENERAL'S.

Waiting at the Gate, March 26.

To Mr. Train:

Dear Sir—I went over to the office and found that Mr. Chatfield had served the papers, so it cannot be helped; that is, you cannot prevent it. The General does not act in reference to you (as you insisted you would not give consent). He has protested as a citizen of the United States, and I have telegraphed to your private secretary at Omaha. That is being done, I hope. Mr. C. says it is *illegal* to send you anywhere but to Utica, and that your *indictment* is illegal; and he has served some paper (Latin named affair) in reference to the indictment. General Chatfield saw the article in the *Sun* this A. M., and rather than sit silent protested in a legal way, not even thinking of writing to gain your consent, you have refused so long. Mr. Chatfield says your case will be heard to-morrow A. M., at 11. Hoping the sun shine will reach your cell, and that you are well enough to walk out to-morrow,

Yours truly,

FROM MRS. ELEANOR FLETCHER-BISHOP.

TOMBS ENTRANCE, March 26, 1873.

Dear Friend—The inclosed letter is from your friend (the editor).

I have taken the liberty of providing a writ of *habeas corpus* which will save you from being murdered by the brutes who are seeking your life. I understand some of your other friends are following my example in trying to prevent you from being dragged to a mad-house.

I know your noble, proud spirit would never yield to the cowardly requests of the law under the present Administration; but I implore you, in the name of your beautiful wife and children, do grant my request, and comply with the order I have served (through Counsellor John O. Mott, of 51 Chambers street) upon Warden Johnson to release you from your living tomb.

Depend upon me. I know the uncorruptable judges, and the case will come before Judge Brady. I have also procured the best physicians, who will swear the truth that you are sane.

Therefore, wait until Friday morning and all will be right, and the public will espouse your just cause for action against the corrupt authorities who have almost crushed your noble life out.

Do send me word that you will be guided by your friends and the counsel I have employed, and will see you at 10 in the morning.

Please send me a favorable reply, and believe me, your firm friend,
ELEANOR FLETCHER-BISHOP.

WAITING AT THE GATE.

[Warden Johnson takes Mr. Train before Judge Fancher to-morrow at 11 o'clock. The revolution is under way.]

TWO ORDERS OUT TO RESCUE MR. TRAIN FROM A MAD-HOUSE.

Later, 5.30 P. M.

Dear Train—* * * The reason why the Counsellor whom I have employed (John O. Mott, 81 Chambers st.) did not bring you before the court on the 27th, was because the law requires two days' notice; and as I would not give your enemies a loophole to hang a doubt on, have caused the lawyer to make it for you to appear on the 28th. Warden Johnson has both orders to take you out. My order is for the 28th and his for the 27th. So Gen. Chatfield is ahead. All right so long as you get out of the clutches of the assassins.

E. F. B.

THE EXPOSURE OF THE PLOT.

Dr. Nealis, the distinguished physician of the Tombs, it is rumored, received orders two months ago to examine Mr. Train with a Board to be selected, *De Lunatico Enquirendo*, but peremptorily refuse to have anything to do with the "infamous conspiracy." This decision checkmated the conspirators until Mr. Train was tortured into epigramming the Tombs to death. Something had to be done independent of the regular course. So a man that is not spotless in his war record with Stanton is selected to do the infamous work. *He has damned himself forever.*

District-Attorney Phelps is also in a tight place. To-morrow's development will be rich. Rally round the court, boys, at eleven. Warden Johnson it is also understood refused to have anything to do with the Commission. Mr. Train will take measures, we understand, at once to arrest the Surgeon-General and the District-Attorney for libel and conspiracy, laying damages at one hundred thousand dollars. If Mr. Train is pronounced sane, their official position cannot save them.

THE INDICTMENT AGAINST MR. TRAIN.

The following are the official papers in Mr. Train's case:

City and County of New York, ss.:—The jurors of the people of the State of New York, in and for the body of the city and county of New York, upon their oath present: That George F. Train, late of the First Ward of the city of New York, in the county of New York aforesaid, on the 10th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1872, at the ward, city and county aforesaid, with force and arms unlawfully, willfully, feloniously and maliciously did have in his possession, with intent to sell the same, a certain obscene and indecent paper, entitled the *Train League*, which said obscene and indecent paper is so obscene that the same would be offensive to the Court here, wherefore the jurors aforesaid do not set the same forth in this indictment against the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of the people of the State of New York and their dignity.

And the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do further present: That the said George Francis Train, late of the ward, city and county aforesaid afterward, to wit, on the said 10th day of December, in the year aforesaid, at the ward, city and county aforesaid; with force and arms feloniously, willfully and maliciously did give away to one Anthony Comstock a certain obscene and indecent paper called the *Train League*, which said paper so given away is so obscene and indecent that the same would be offensive to the Court here if spread upon the record thereof; wherefore the jurors aforesaid do not set the same forth in this indictment, against the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of the People of the State of New York and their dignity. S. B. Garvin, District Attorney. [Indorsed.] A true bill. R. N. Peterson, foreman.

THE WARRANT FOR MR. TRAIN'S ARREST.

Under this presentment the following bench-warrant was granted:

City and County of New York, ss.: The People of the State of New York, to the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriffs, Constables and Policemen of the city and county of New York, greeting: We command you, and each of you, that you take the body of George F. Train, who stands indicted before our Justices of our Court of Oyer and Terminer in and for the said city and county, for selling obscene literature, and him forthwith bring before our said Justices, in the said city and county, to be dealt with according to law.

Witness, Hon. D. P. Ingraham, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1872. By the Court, John Sparks, clerk; S. B. Garvin, District Attorney.

Who the witnesses were before the Grand Jury besides Comstock, or what the nature of the testimony was, has never been made public. It is said in the District-Attorney's office that the principal evidence upon which the indictment and commitment were based was that furnished by a copy of the *Train Ligue*, but no copy was produced by the prosecuting attorney when Mr. Train was arraigned and committed.

THE PAGAN BIBLE:

OR, THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

FROM THE TOMBS TO THE ASYLUM.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE MURDERERS' CLUB.

THE OFFICIALS TO BE INDICTED FOR MURDER.

George Francis Train in Hell!—Blood or bread! Vive la Commune! "The Chamber of Horrors; or, the Tortures of the Damned in the Tombs." A thrilling book of startling epigrams on the downfall of Christianity. By a Pagan Preacher; written in his fourteenth Bastille by the coming Dictator. A bombshell among the churches; exposing the great Grant-Tweed Republican Ring fraud and the subsidized Press, giving names and amounts; secret history Credit Mobilier; Beecher, Tilton, Colfax, Dodge; obscene Y. M. C. Ass. conspiracy.

*Workmen! Pay no Taxes!
Start the battle! Grind your axes,
The only thing to save the nation
Is immediate Repudiation.
Down with the Party! Smash up the Ring!
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!*

ONE MILLION COPIES WILL BE PRINTED!

Agents Wanted from all over the United States.

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Book sent by Mail—Retail Price, Twenty-five Cents; or, Fifteen Dollars a Hundred,
C. O. D.

Remit your Stamps for the Greatest Book since the World Began to

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.,
48 Broad street, New York.

UNDER the present unjust ruling of society, the cost of incontinence to a woman is—moral death. Considering this, are not juries justified who refuse to condemn women who take the lives of their seducers?



The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, at the following liberal prices:

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 50
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
The Impending Revolution	25
The Ethics of Sexual Equality	25

"If an offense come out of truth, better is it that the offense come than that the Truth be concealed."—Jerome.

SOCIALISTIC.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

BY SILAS TYRRELL.

When William H. Seward predicted "the irrepressible conflict," which should cause slavery to go out in blood, he was pronounced by a majority of his fellow-countrymen to be either a fanatic, a fool, or a knave. Nevertheless he lived to see the truth of his prediction verified; and those who had been so hasty in determining the exact status of the great statesman found that they had unwittingly drawn not his, but their own portrait. Had the Government of the United States been willing to carry out the spirit and genius of American institutions as they existed at the time the prediction was made, the vast amount of blood and treasure which it cost to crush the vampire that was sapping the life of the nation might have been saved. But alas, the Government was deaf to the cry of the slave, and, hypocrite like, while professing to extend equal rights and privileges to all men, contended that "the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." But eternal justice had decreed otherwise; the hour was rapidly approaching when compensation to the sons of Africa was to begin, never to end until the whole human race should be redeemed from all bondage, and be able to chant the glad anthem of liberty, equality, fraternity!

As it was with the revolution which broke the fetters of the negro slave so shall it be with the revolution which shall break the galling chains of woman and place her upon an equal footing with man.

The tendency of all revolutions is progress, toward perfection. The careful student will find that no great reform ever yet came to man, except through revolution as its true cause. Therefore mankind have no reason to fear or deprecate the social revolution which has been inaugurated by Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and James H. Blood, since they could not have commenced it had it not already existed as the sequence of nature, of which man is part. If in the world of matter the hurricane, the storm, the earthquake and the volcano are necessary to refine and purify the elements of which man is composed, it is reasonable to suppose that there must be corresponding throes and convulsions in the realm of mind in consequence of the close relationship existing between mind and matter. Since, then, action is the law by which the great whole is governed, it were folly to suppose that any of its parts can remain idle or inactive.

But the present revolution differs from all others in that it is striving for the regeneration, purification and elevation of man's entire nature. It is so leveling in its tendencies that in all probability it will be committed to the arbitrament of the sword. Organized wealth will never give up its exclusive prerogatives and consent to share them with the masses without a bitter, vindictive, cruel, fierce and bloody contest. A look at the general situation reveals to us the fact that statecraft and priestcraft are leagued with the wealthy few against the toiling millions.

The brutal treatment of the leaders of this revolution by the United States officials shows conclusively that they have resolved to stamp out its fires by depriving them of their liberty, and by even hounding on the mob, if necessary, to take their lives, that they may rivet more securely the fetters of superstitious ignorance upon the minds and consciences of the people. But they will live to see their mistake, and to repent the folly of their doings. For even nature is in sympathy with the leaders of this grand movement—is their friend and ally. The long, dreary night of man's existence is forever passed, and the morning twilight is fast dispelling the darkness which hitherto has obscured his vision. Soon the golden sunlight of truth will flood the earth with its glory. Everywhere the people are awaking from the nightmare of ages, girding on their armor and getting ready to fight the battles of truth. The fiat has gone forth from the throne of the Eternal that woman must and shall be free; and no power in earth or hell can thwart the divine purpose!

The car of progress is moving forward, and if priests and politicians are silly enough to suppose that they can stop its onward course by throwing themselves across its pathway, they must expect to be ground to powder.

Hostilities have not only been declared, but the war has been actually begun. On the 2d day of November, in the year of Grace, 1872, the noble three—the God-blessed Trinity—fired a bomb into the ranks of the enemy which sent consternation, terror and almost despair to every heart. For a

moment the stillness of death seemed to reign supreme. But soon a hurried consultation was held on the part of the enemy, and the fire was returned in the form of indictments which deprived three American citizens of their God-given and constitutional rights. And for what? Simply to whitewash the character of a living lie—a hollow-hearted hypocrite—or, as the enemy declared, "to protect the character of a revered citizen." But, thank heaven, the enemy could not drive them from the field—could not demoralize nor even frighten them; but like good and true soldiers, clothed with God's eternal justice, they received the fire without blanching.

At present the combatants on both sides are preparing for the coming struggle; the enemy supposing that they have only to crush out Woodhull, Claflin and Blood in order to gain an easy permanent victory. But a very important question arises just here, viz.: will the people allow these saviours of mankind to be longer persecuted, and, in the end, like Jesus of Nazareth, crucified by the minions of corruption, for teaching humanity how to live rightly, purely, divinely? Is it not rather a stretch of power on the part of servants to rudely seize upon their sovereigns and cast them into prison for only telling the truth?

Liberals and freethinkers of every shade and variety of opinion, I appeal to you in the name of justice and right to come forward and help sustain the cause of individual rights and true freedom. I appeal to the spiritualists of America, aye, and of the world! to come to the front and help carry to a successful termination the issue in which is involved the happiness or misery of unborn millions. You who have shaken off the fetters of creed and party, and have become a law unto yourselves, surely you cannot, you will not ignore the claims which this cause demands at your hands. It is for you—for the good, the virtuous, the pure and the true men and women of this country, to teach the press of our land that it cannot discriminate in favor of wealth to the detriment of those who walk in the humbler paths of life and receive the support of a free and enlightened people. It is for all who love truth, justice and fair play to cause our judges to understand that they cannot, like the infamous Jeffries, pollute their ermine by prostituting their office to personal ends and for unholy purposes, without receiving the condemnation of every good and right-minded citizen. It is for the friends of free thought, free speech and a free press to proclaim everywhere, as with a voice of thunder, that the time has come when the equality of the sexes in all things must be established, that humanity may be elevated to a higher plane of thought, feeling and action. If the friends of social freedom will unite upon this basis, and will put forth their highest and best efforts to accomplish it, they will have to work and wait but a short time before success, sure, final and complete, will crown their efforts, and their hearts filled to overflowing with a pure and holy joy. But methinks I hear some one ask, how can we work to the best advantage? how accomplish the greatest amount of good in the shortest space of time? As individuals, we should at once run up the flag and, like the brave Lawrence, nail it to the mast, so that both our friends and enemies will know just where to find us. The sifting time has come when the wheat must be separated from the chaff—when the professed friends of reform must be weighed in the balances, and those who are found wanting in the essentials which constitute true reformers must gravitate to their own place, like Judas, notwithstanding all their pretensions.

The leaders of this great and good cause need true, tried and faithful friends—friends who, like themselves, have been run through the crucible of human suffering until the dross of their passionate nature has been consumed and they are able to view the subject of sexual freedom from the standpoint of good and use, and who will not be frightened at a laugh, nor diverted from their purpose by the sneers of Mrs. Grundy. Those who can only wish them and the cause well, but are willing to make no sacrifices in its behalf, are not worthy the name of friends. Therefore, it is for us—the true friends of progress—to see to it that these noble soldiers these heaven-appointed leaders, are not left to contend against penury and want, besides fighting the battles of true social reform. Then let us at once resolve to make this glorious cause our own, to stand shoulder to shoulder with them, and labor for it as though its success or failure depended upon our individual efforts alone; and, above all, let us furnish them with ample means to send forth the WEEKLY from week to week as a power to break down the wrong conditions and false customs which cramp and dwarf humanity, that the spirit of truth, love, purity, justice and equity may reign and rule in the heart and head of man.

Danbury, Conn., Feb. 25, 1873.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The seed, sown broadcast over the land by WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY during the last two years, has as last found congenial soil, taken root and begun to germinate. Immediately after the adjournment of the closing session of the Labor Reform League Convention recently held in Boston, a few radicals, inspired by the glowing words which they had just heard from the lips of Victoria C. Woodhull, met in an ante-room to consider what steps could be taken to sustain her. Hating hypocrisy, cowardice and secrecy, they decided to take an open and bold stand in favor of the glorious principles so ably expounded and defended by her, and to organize a society to be known as "The New England Free-Love League." The immediate object of this society is to hold a series of mass meetings in the leading cities and towns of New England, beginning with Boston, at which Mrs. Woodhull shall be present to present her well-considered social views, to the end that they may be thoroughly understood by the people, who having never yet come to a knowledge of what they are, base their views upon the foul slanders with which the press, with a few honorable exceptions, has recently been filled, and which have made her name a byword and a reproach in nearly every household in the land. Its ultimate aim, however, is, as expressed in the constitution which has been drafted by a committee ap-

pointed for that purpose, but which has not as yet been presented to the League for its consideration, "the abolition of legal and compulsory marriage and all other institutions, laws and customs, whereby the sexes are bound and fettered in their relations in any form or degree, and the substitution therefor of such a social system as shall guarantee to all individuals the power to exercise their right of freedom at their own cost in matters of love."

The following officers were chosen: President, L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I. Vice-Presidents, Seward Mitchell, Cornville, Me.; Mrs. Parma W. Olmsted, St. Albans, Vt.; Mrs. Angela T. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.; A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.; Harriet E. Carpenter, Boston; Mrs. E. D. Smith, Hartford, Conn. Recording Secretary, Jos. H. Carter, Boston; Corresponding Secretary and General Agent, Benj. R. Tucker, Boston; Treasurer, Wm. Ben. Wright, Boston; Executive Committee, L. K. Joslin, Benj. R. Tucker, E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.; Wm. Ben. Wright, C. A. Barnes, Boston.

It is desired that auxiliary societies should be formed in all parts of New England, thus enabling the friends of freedom to work more efficiently than they otherwise could, and to bring themselves into closer communication with each other.

This is no time for a temporizing policy or for parleying with despotism. When free speech is attacked in Boston and a free press in New York, it becomes the duty of every earnest man and woman to talk and act in its defense. It is high time that some action was taken. Freedom lovers should take "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together" to bear its banners on to complete and all-sided victory. What the result of the present undertaking this "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" may be cannot be foretold. It may become an important factor in the social revolution. In whatever case, however, its originators, knowing their principle to be right, will not be disheartened, but will remain true to their allegiance, and with constant earnestness and increasing experience will always renew their efforts in behalf of the freedom of the sexes and the entire abolition of State interference with their affairs, until it shall be accomplished. As Emerson says,

"Let man serve law for man,
Live for friendship, live for love;
The State may follow as it can,
As Olympus follows Jove."

All communications in regard to the League and its work should be addressed to BENJ. R. TUCKER,

No. 59 Temple street, Boston, Mass.

March 9, 1873.

The following letters of acceptance have already been received:

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 27, 1873.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Corresponding Secretary:

Dear Sir—Yours of yesterday I received to-day. Your proposition that I serve as president of the N. E. Free Love League was to me a surprise, and my decision must be a surprise to a friend who only yesterday learned from me that I could not accept a leading position in any reform movement. Were this position an honorary one in the mind of the great public, I should surely decline it; but I know that as far as the public esteem is concerned, it will subject me to obloquy and reproach. And as to the honor of my associates, you are grown men and women, who honor no place or position only as it represents bravery, truth and honor, and when I think of the heroism of the noble women whom you have named as my associates, I know that any place should be at best secondary.

Since the abolition of black slavery in the South there exists in civilized countries but one other form of life slavery, wherein one human being assumes to dictate the life of another in all its most sacred and important relations. This slavery is legal marriage, and in behalf of all that is pure and good in womanhood and manhood we protest against unnatural, forced and deathly sensual relations. I would rather wield the lash of a slavemaster than force an unwilling wife or mistress to my embrace, for there are wounds more torturous than those of the flesh.

We shall work to beget in others truth, openness and personal honor, a willingness to be known in our sexual and love-life before God and all the good. We must enunciate principles that will save our sons and daughters from the misery that has been the life-long presence of their parents. These, though fraught with the issues of life and happiness or misery for our time and for all the future time, come nearest our inmost being. It is the newest and most important reform of the ages. Love is of the divine; freedom is our birthright.

With freedom for every human being to love with their own life and in their own way there will come to men the kingdom of heaven on earth. It is the ultimate of reform for our age and the voice of God to our people. We must trust love and freedom to their own issues and results. I believe that they will lead eventually to the life-long and eternity-long union of one man and of one woman. Not because of restraint or force, but because of a as yet little known purity, progress, sweetness and content. Be this as it may, we must trust the people with the full measure of sexual freedom.

And you, my honored associates, in this, may command my service as you wish and my own being assents. I will act with you in the capacity which you suggest.

Truly,

L. K. JOSLIN.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Feb. 28, 1873.

BENJ. E. TUCKER:

Dear Sir—I have received your note of the 26th, and thank you most gratefully for the kindness and attention which you and the rest have seen fit to bestow upon me. You are certainly most welcome to the use of my name. I hope the hour may come when I can labor in the cause more fervently and efficiently than I am able to now.

I do most sincerely hope that you will be able to carry out

successfully your project of having Mrs. Woodhull visit and lecture in the leading towns and cities of New England. I think that there can be no doubt but what she will speak to crowded houses.

No thoughtful person can help from seeing and feeling that the times are pregnant with great events, and mighty changes are treading so fast upon our heels that there is no time for delay—no time for foolish jealousy or bickering. Our leaders must be up and doing, and their followers supporting them with heart and hand, for God knows that the reformers of to-day have no child's play before them.

Pardon me saying so much, and what is undoubtedly as well, if not better, known to you than to me. But when I think of the indifference and coldness of those who should be warmest in the cause of humanity, I wish I had the mighty hands of the giants I used to read of in my childhood. I would like to see if they could have a little sound sense shaken into them.

Yours, most kindly,

PARMA W. OLMSTEAD.

No. 4 VILLAGE ST., HARTFORD, Ct., March 6, 1873.

MR. TUCKER:

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 3d inst. is before me, asking me to accept the nomination of Vice-President of the New England Free-Love League.

If it were a salaried office I should most surely decline the honor on the grounds of incompetency.

I regard this as merely an acknowledgment of identification with a party whose object is to spread the truth before a benighted public.

With this view of the nomination I accept the office.

Very truly yours in the cause of freedom,

E. D. SMITH.

CORNVILLE, Me., March 2, 1873.

BENJ. R. TUCKER:

My Dear Brother—Yours of February 20 came to hand yesterday. For every word of it I thank you. My heart bounded with joy when I read that the Christ of the Age, the Saviour of the World, Victoria C. Woodhull, is coming among the people with her soul-cheering words and her aspiring presence. Gladly, joyfully will I do anything in my power to help her in her glorious mission.

The people want her to come to Maine as soon as possible. With your letter in my hand yesterday, I went to our village, Skowhegan, and immediately spoke to the friends on the subject of a lecture from Mrs. Woodhull. Let me tell you a little incident. The first man I called upon was a prominent professed Spiritualist. As soon as I told him that Mrs. Woodhull might come to Skowhegan to lecture, he said, "I should advise her not to come, I think she had better stay at home." I replied very earnestly that she would yet speak in S——. From that my business led me into a large drug and fancy goods store, kept by a very pious, orthodox church member. I told him the same story. "What will she ask to come here and lecture?" I replied, "I do not know." "If she will come the money can all be raised." Which will enter the Kingdom of Heaven first?

Now, brother, I should be happy to know how soon she can come. Many will want to attend from out of town. Soon the traveling will be bad. That is a splendid hall in Skowhegan, capable of seating a thousand persons; it can be filled.

If I can ever live to see the day in which I can take that white-souled woman by the hand and lead her to the platform and introduce her to the people of Maine, I can say I am ready to die.

Please ascertain as soon as possible and let me know, that I can make such arrangements as will make the lecture a success.

I accept with pleasure the office to which I have been elected, for the good I can do for humanity.

With much love to all the good friends in the holy cause, I am, your friend and brother,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

WHO ARE FREE LOVERS?

Editors—It has not been in my power to render you substantial aid, or you would have heard from me long before this. You are accomplishing more just now, in my opinion, than all other reformatory influences combined. No such effective work for Freedom has yet been done as that you are now doing in the way of tearing off society's mask and exposing its rottenness and hypocrisy.

In addition to this, you are rendering important service by clearly defining the character of the Free-love movement. Never has the world—semi-reformers included—given such positive evidence of absolute stupidity as in its persistent and pig-headed misunderstanding of this question.

Your Cooper Institute speech is one of the best expositions of free-love that has yet been given. The only error I discover in it is its classification of J. H. Noyes among the advocates of freedom.

The Oneida Perfectionists are not free-lovers at all. Their system is simply one form of marriage ("complex marriage" as they call it), as Mormon polygamy is another form. J. H. Noyes expressly states that, as between what he pleases to style infidel free-love and the popular marriage, they are for marriage. They do not, even in theory, uphold the idea of woman's equality; they are among the most consummate and narrow-minded of bigots. To illustrate this, I will relate an incident:

A friend of mine, who, on the free-love question, would be represented by Anna Dickinson or Susan B. Anthony, and who does not profess to be a spiritualist, and who never introduces either subject in company, visited the community under ordinary and entirely unexceptionable circumstances, the object being to observe their achievements and style of living in the matter of externals mainly. The treatment received was ordinary till the name of the party was discovered—a name associated, so far as known, with the demand for the recognition of woman's freedom and individuality (a demand especially obnoxious to Oneida communists)

—when the request was made that the party leave immediately, as they could not receive the visits of Spiritualists!

So fearful were they that some damage might be done them by a few hours' stay of such a dreadful creature, that they had a team harnessed (not daring to wait for the train time and the regular hack) to take her immediately from their not-to-be-contaminated inclosure. It should be stated in justice to them that they were humane and courageous enough to risk any infection of their vehicle rather than require a woman and her traveling companion to walk to the station in a drenching rain.

To further illustrate that they do not regard women as their equals, I will relate another incident I had from the lips of a reliable acquaintance. On the occasion of his visit, a wagon-load of men went somewhere in the neighborhood to hear a speech from Gerrit Smith. There was nothing said intimating a suspicion that any woman would care to hear him. After the return of the load, one of the women ventured the remark that she should like to have heard him, and another expressing the same feeling, a man replied, "You might have gone if you had only said so."

My objection to Noyes & Company is not that they are non-exclusive in their conjugal relations, but that they do not accord to woman equality and freedom. This is what constitutes a free-lover. If I do them injustice I hope to be set right. I will confess that I have been wrong in my estimate of them if it can be shown that a woman is just as free in their community to live a life of continence, or to have an exclusive love relation, as she is to live non-exclusively and without subjecting herself to "criticism," and in that case I will acknowledge them to be free-lovers, but not otherwise.

You advertise Austin Kent's book (which every one interested in the subject should read), entitled, "Free-love, or the Non-exclusive Nature of Connubial Love."

Now, Austin Kent is a true free-lover, an able and an honest man, who would accord freedom and equality to all; but he is no more a free-lover because he believes and argues that love is naturally non-exclusive. He is a free-lover because he believes in freedom, and because he would have every woman (as well as every man) free to live her own life unquestioned. Suppose I should write a book entitled "Free Thought; or, no Life after the Death of the Body," who would fail to see that I was getting things "somewhat mixed?" As free thought has nothing to do with the doctrines which may happen to be embraced in freedom, so free-love has nothing to do with the particular views or practices of people after they are free. Freedom may lead to this or that, if so, let it lead! I may be very positive as to what freedom in love will result in, but I do not propose to have that question settled till woman is free. She will then settle it (each for herself) without any regard to what anybody has written about it. Still, I am glad that those who are so inclined are ventilating the "non-exclusive" view for the benefit of the bigots who are willing to accord to woman freedom to do what, and only what they happen to approve.

FRANCIS BARRY.

Kent, Portage Co., Ohio.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Dear Sister—My name has never found its way to the WEEKLY, and am I claiming too great a privilege in trusting it upon you now? I can remain silent no longer. Your words so divinely uttered have thrilled my heart of hearts and my soul bows in reverence before you. How grandly, how fearlessly you grasped the lever which must eventually reach into the great heart of all reform. All honor to you, Victoria, who dared "to strike at the knot and let the splinters fly." It is said the worst form of ague in the world is the dumb ague, and I believe you have proven that the "dumb moral ague" is the most disastrous of all morals to society. Your sentiments and principles are meeting with responses from the heart-wells of some of our noblest men and women. Your best and truest friends I find to be among the chaste and cultured. Your enemies seem born of two classes: the woefully ignorant and the lewd and licentious. Your friends believe that when an honest man unsuspected of theft he is willing to have his pockets searched; and in regard to your enemies, "A wounded bird always flutters."

The man or woman who loves freedom in its grandest sense and prays for the emancipation of soul and body, from the wrongs that are becoming more apparent and radical every day, take you by the hand and exclaim "Victoria, go on!" There are some natures so base and gross of themselves they can have no conception of what you mean by "free love," and in their sensualism they appeal to the back brain alone, forgetting that in that locality, all the devils of humanity are born. No, they do not comprehend your meaning any more than a person unacquainted with mathematics can comprehend the problems of Euclid. I believe there is a pure, true love that may raise the soul almost into the atmosphere of the divine. It must meet its level and when it finds its own the two become inseparably bound and begin to live their true lives. Such a love is as far above passionate attraction and sensualism as we had ever believed the heavens to be above the earth and can never work the loved or love ill. Ever since the world began, truth and error have grappled with each other. Perhaps their contest was never fiercer than at present, but why need we fear the result?

"Truth will conquer at the last,
As round and round we run;
Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

How long had we endeavored to cure the filthy sores of vice and iniquity, eating out the healthfulness of humanity's great heart, by applying gentle, external remedies and administering soothing cordials; what we had prescribed for the poison proved to be no antidote at all. You located the disease and declare only a thorough purging can cure. You are endeavoring to convince the world that the "Naked Truth," unadorned, is adorned the most, and that it is better to die a martyred hero than live a moral coward. My letter

is growing to the length of an epistle; I must draw to a finale. As disconnected as these hastily written thoughts may seem and as mangled as my ideas, believe they are attended with a silent accompaniment of love and sympathy.

Oh! yes, work on, the people yet must feel
You utter truths in this eventful hour.
What though a Comstock chained you in a bastille,
And hushed your thunderings for one little hour.
You gathered force within the felon's cell,
Came to the world with grander, nobler power;
Your words more keenly than the sword shall tell,
Assert your freedom now and evermore.

Truly yours, MRS. M. B. SANGER.
S. Boston, Mass., March 12, 1873.

ARGUMENTS ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

The following irresistible arguments are the result of a single day's gleanings from the city press. In their way they are unapproachable and unanswerable:

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

WICKFORD, R. I., March 15, 1873.

The post-mortem examination and chemical analysis in the case of James N. Thomas, who died at Wickford Junction under suspicious circumstances, was made public to-day by Drs. Jackson and Vaughn. The disinterment was made at the urgent request of Mr. Thomas' son, who had suspicions that his father had been poisoned, and that, too, by his step-mother, rumor says, in order to come into possession of the deceased's property, which is reported to be very valuable. Both of the examiners present a report that Thomas' sudden demise was owing to nitrate of potassi, found crystallized to the amount of 394 grains in the stomach. The affair has created a profound sensation in this quiet village, and the result confirms the worst suspicions entertained as to the perpetrator of the crime. The matter has been placed in the hands of the authorities, and every effort will be made to ferret out the guilty. Further disclosures are expected to-morrow.—*New York Times*.

BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., March 15, 1873.

A shocking and brutal murder, the result of intemperance, was committed last night at 214 Reeves street.

A man named Clook, who had been on a spree for nearly a whole week, returned home late at night and, procuring an ax, went to the second story front-room where his wife lay asleep in the same bed with her mother.

Maddened with liquor, and it is supposed enraged at having been arrested, he struck the sleeping woman on the head with the axe, beating out her brains, and producing almost instant death.

Clook then went out of the house to get more liquor, but an alarm being given he was secured and taken into custody before he had committed further bloodshed.

The scene of the sickening tragedy attracted crowds of people about the house.

Mrs. Clook leaves several children.

PROBABLE WIFE MURDER IN BROOKLYN.

At a late hour on Wednesday last Patrick Martin, residing at No. 40 Atlantic avenue, came home intoxicated and quarrelsome. He soon commenced a wrangle with his brother's wife, and finally knocked her down with a work-board, and also struck her several times on the head. She was left insensible on the floor. She lingered until yesterday when word was sent to the police that she was in a dying condition. A physician was called in but he said there is very little hope of her recovery. Martin was at once arrested and held to await the result. He denies that he is the author of the wounds inflicted.

Besides these there was also the detailed account of the hanging in Chicago of George Driver for the murder of his wife; and the following:

M'ELHANY TO BE EXECUTED ON THE 21ST—THE HANOVER-STREET CATASTROPHE.

BOSTON, Mass., March 15, 1873.

The Supreme Court has declined to grant the motion for a new trial of James McElhany, under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, and his execution will take place on the 21st inst., unless the Governor further reprieves him, of which there is little prospect.

In addition to these first-class arguments were the usual number of wife-beatings, seductions, desertions, abortions and suicides; all for love, either in or wanting marriage.

A BUFFALO SALOON-KEEPER BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

BUFFALO, March 15, 1873.

Paul Fischer, a saloon-keeper on Perry street, committed suicide last night by blowing his brains out with a pistol, because his wife charged him with seducing their servant girl.

CLERGYMEN EXPELLED.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 10, 1873.

This morning, in the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the committee in the case of Rev. J. F. Clarke, of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, of which committee Rev. N. Head is chairman, reported that the charge of immorality was sustained, and Mr. Clarke was expelled from the church.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 14, 1873.

The case of Rev. Dr. L. D. Huston, charged with gross immorality and licentiousness, was concluded this morning in the session of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The committee to whom the case of the Rev. L. D. Huston, D. D., was referred, beg leave to report that we have come to the conclusion that the charge of immorality is unanimously sustained, and said L. D. Huston has been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Doggett then remarked: "According to the report of the committee, L. D. Huston is expelled from the Methodist Church, South, upon the charges as reported, and that is an end to this solemn question."

It will be remembered that the charges against Dr. Huston were for seduction of a Sunday-school scholar attending Trinity Church, of which he was pastor at the time, and grossly immoral conduct with other young girls.

[From the Graphic of the 15th inst.]

THE CLUB QUESTION.

SYRACUSE SPEAKS HER MIND.

To the Editor—We are glad of the courtesy extended to our sex, in allowing it free speech on the subject of clubs. The age is upon us in which the irrepressible woman must be heard. Her demands, therefore, should be met with liberality, openness and full-handed justice. There must necessarily be two sides to every question—*pro* and *con*. to every argument which can be advanced. In our opinion it is advantageous for the sexes to combine, for the promotion of art, and for the enjoyment of pure and elevated entertainment. Refined social gatherings, in some form, are essential to the happy development of thought.

He who lives to himself alone is a miser; to educate ourselves in any direction, we must live as social beings, honoring one another, deferring to one another.

Our object in coming together should be to study the relations of beauty and harmony—in other words, the aesthetics of life, and to submit our individual efforts to candid and kindly criticism, under the exalted aim of self improvement. Better this for our male friends than circulating round bar-rooms or visiting gambling halls; better, far better for our own sex than the gossip of the sewing circle or the doubtful morality of the card-table.

Better this social communion where both sexes meet than lodges which glory in the exclusion of woman, or New York Sorosis, to the exclusion of man. In Holy Book 'tis writ, "Male and female created He them." As male and female, let us consider our obligations mutual to the end of the chapter. Both the weight of the shackles and the hollowness of fashionable life have a tendency, when fully realized, to awaken in one's being a desire for something higher—for something more ennobling and satisfactory.

We see no solid reason why the sexes should not discuss, modestly and candidly, in the presence of each other, all questions pertaining to art and social improvement. Life is fleeting; the remorseless wing of time is bearing us swiftly onward toward that "bourne from whence no traveller returns;" let us search, then, more assiduously into the purposes of the Infinite, and cultivate, with every breath we draw, a more intelligent and abiding love of nature. So shall we come to know and recognize Him who hath formed the crowning glory of creation in His own image—man.

Syracuse, March 10.

SICILY JUNE.

COMMENTS.

When the sexes grow up together from the cradle to the grave, then will woman be in power over all questions pertaining to the affections, and then may we hope to see something like purity established among us.

Sicily June will excuse us in objecting to her last sentence, to which we cannot subscribe, inasmuch as we claim an equality of representation for the female element even in the Deity. It is too Miltonish and smacks too much of the cry of old Adam for us to pass it without condemnation. Mourning the loss of Paradise, that poet represents the old sinner, Adam, thus apostrophizing woman as the cause of his misery:

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine."

In the name of the Great Book, we object to this puritan logic. A place, filled with males, in which there were no females, would make a very melancholy kind of a heaven.

INDICATIVE STRAWS!

SUPPOSED ABDUCTION OF A YOUNG GIRL.—On Monday last as Mary Jane Kelly, aged nine years, was standing in front of her parents' residence, No. 153 Goerck street, she was accosted by an elderly man, who asked her name and age. On being informed, he told the girl that if she went with him he would make a fine lady of her, give her plenty of money, fine clothing, &c. The girl refused, and he went away. In the evening Mary Jane told her father what had taken place, but he paid no attention to the matter. On Thursday the girl left her home, and as she has not since returned, it is feared that she has fallen into the hands of some designing scoundrel. Her father reported the case to Inspector Dilks yesterday morning, and the police are searching for the missing girl. She is described as being about 3 feet 7 inches in height, has dark brown hair and blue eyes, and when she left home had on a green dress.—*N. Y. Times*.

These things are of hourly occurrence; nevertheless it is not safe to teach young girls these dangers; in short, it is dangerous to do so in New York, because it is obscene, "you know." Comstock says so, and of course the agent of God's Elect ought to know.

A MAN PRETENDING TO MARRY A WOMAN MUST SUPPORT HER.—It will be remembered that some days since a young woman named Anna S. Schmidt filed a bill in the Circuit Court in which she alleged she was, as she believed, duly and legally married to one Jacob Schmidt, but who a few months subsequent to the ceremony (which was performed in German, and which language she could not understand) repudiated her as his wife and refused to support her. Judge Farwell this morning rendered a decision in the case, holding that as the woman had been led to believe that she had been legally married to the defendant, had been treated by him as his wife, and had acted in good faith in the matter, she was entitled to maintenance by her pseudo husband. A decree

to that effect will be entered accordingly.—*Chicago Journal*, March 13.

What a nice thing this marriage business is. A woman has only to go through the legal ceremony to be entitled to be supported all her life long. Justice, isn't it. But freedom! ah, that will never do.

A BIGAMIST ARRESTED.—Detective Fischer, of Newark, N. J., arrested Windsor Stockburne last night on a charge of bigamy. The accused was formerly a resident of Scranton, Penn.; and, it is alleged, was married April 16, 1870, to Lottie Tuttle by Rev. A. A. Mapes. Shortly after marriage he left his wife and removed to Newark, where he was married Feb. 5 to Annie W. Whitmore, of East Orange. On examination last evening the prisoner denied being married to any one, though his first wife was present. He was committed in default of bail.

How happy must a man or woman be, in marriage, to escape from which they will run the risk of landing in the Penitentiary! Yes! A beautiful system that, to preserve the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Mediums' Convention was held in Rochester, N. Y., 1st and 2d inst.

Minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved. Convention organized, etc., when a general conference ensued, interspersed with music by a man born blind in consequence of the brutality of his inebriate father.

Speeches were made by Brothers Tilden, Murray, Rice, Cadding, Lacy, Seaver, English, Bennett, Green Hough, editor Democrat paper, Hornellsville, and Professor Locke, who favored us with beautiful songs of his own composition; Sisters Maynard Kimball, Parkhurst, Carrie Maynard, Woodruff, Briggs and Logan. Mrs. Carrie Hayzen gave many beautiful symbols, and Mrs. Wilson, a teacher in Rochester, improvised three beautiful poems.

The Spiritual phenomena: its consoling influences and inspiring tendencies, were themes occupying the principal time of the meeting.

Committee on Resolutions presented only two: one on God in the Constitution, the other on Equal Rights. The former elicited some discussion.

Mrs. Briggs, of New York, spoke of Woodhull and Claflin's arrests, of their precarious situation in consequence, of the suppression of free speech by the would-be Christian Association; said she had a hundred copies of their paper for sale, and would take them through the audience.

Dear Amy Post, long to be remembered for her indefatigable labors in aiding the poor slave along through the underground railroad to emancipation—whose heart and home have always been open to the weary-footed medium hunted down by bigotry, superstition and ignorance, outgrowths of a belief in an angry God and cloven-footed devil—rose with dignity, majesty, and yet humility, to say that as criticising the Young Men's Christian Association seemed to be, on the present occasion, the order of the meeting, she wanted to tell something more that they had done.

This very pious organization had imprisoned two women and two men, who, perhaps, had done and were still doing more for free speech, free press and free religion than all others in our country; and while the claims of the *Banner of Light* were so pleasingly set forth, of all of which it is worthy, she wished to say that she took both that and the *WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY*. That the *Banner* was seldom borrowed while the *WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY* was lent until worn out by the reading. Said she hoped the subject would receive the earnest attention of the meeting. Whereupon a self-righteous man arose and hoped this Convention would take action to rid its skirts before the world of that infamous woman Mrs. Woodhull. A few responded, while the mass could but feel indignant and wished to ask him if he was without sin? if so, to cast the first stone. Subsequent inquiries could elicit nothing against her personally only the "blackmailing of Beecher." A song and adjournment was called for. Mrs. F. A. Logan, who had kept aloof from the platform to assist in singing, said she would repeat "The Peoples' Advent," by Gerald Massey, which was done with deep feeling, and sweetly rendered by herself and the blind man.

Radicalism had been mostly suppressed or withheld until Sabbath evening—the last session. Mrs. Logan, being introduced to the large audience, spoke once (half an hour) on "The Signs of the Times;" said that Spiritualism with its philosophy and phenomena, was generally understood if not advocated by the masses. That ministers of all denominations talked about angels and spirits. Henry Ward Beecher had said in her hearing in Plymouth Church, "that all isms were truths crumpled up, yet to be unfolded into symmetry and beauty." The expressions was so original she penciled it as soon as it was uttered. That Frothingham had also said that about our heads, even in the Church, at that moment, he doubted not the spirits of our dear ones were hovering near.

That a Methodist preacher, Mrs. Van Cott, often says in her revival meetings, that her dear husband is near to assist in her public efforts. "Don't you see him? He is here to-night. He says Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!" All this was right. She only wished that such acknowledgments were not contradicted by the same speakers in preaching against modern Spiritualism. All our literature savored more or less of inspiration. And now that the fact of spirit communion had been established, let us inquire of those dear ones for what they have come? Had they not inspired us with the fact that Spiritualism embraced all reforms?

She would not give a farthing for a system, religion or an ism that did not incite its adherents to benefit the race in every possible way. On the religious, political and social

questions of the day, that we were on the eve of a great revolution.

Free speech, free press, and free religion were entombed, or their adherents, some of them being incarcerated in Ludlow Street Jail and now in the Tombs of New York by the (so-called) Christian Association.

At this juncture the President was about to remind her that the ten minutes allotted her had expired, when, as if by an irresistible power, she turned and said: "Though the hammer comes down to bring me to time and though the audience condemn my speech, I shall speak the truth though the heavens fall." [Loud cries: "Go on! go on!"] "When our penitentiaries are filled with victims whose crimes have been committed in consequence of the traffic, our nation sanctions and approves; when ill-begotten children are forced upon the world to re-enact their fathers' crimes; when woman is owned as a chattel and not as an equal; when the subjugation of woman to tyrannical power has become her peril, should her voice be stopped? No! She should plead the cause of humanity so long as she could walk or talk; that if her ideas were too radical the people of this Convention need not invite her home with them, for she should express them whenever called upon to address the public. For there were—

"Treasures of good in the human soul
That could never be counted, nor sung, nor told.
* * * * *
I gather the beggars wan and pale,
Strengthen the hearts and the hands that fail,
And pave o'er the sea of human feeling
Joys that angels are now revealing.
Then shall the changeless, the good and true
Like a deathless song be aroused anew,
And religion, long but an exiled name,
Joyfully haste to the world again."

Mrs. Nettie Maynard continued by complimenting the speech and taking up each point, which served as texts for an elaborate and well delivered lecture, which elicited the individual attention of the audience for about three-quarters of an hour.

Mrs. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, gave her experience. Married by the dictation of others at the age of fifteen years a man she did not love, had bitter experiences; he became an inebriate, and final separation ensued; that now she was a woman and would knock a man down that would beat her. Her description of injurious styles in dress, chignons, Grecian bends and trails were indeed amusing, and furnished a moral for the sensible mind to contemplate. Her jests, which held the audience until ten o'clock, were very good—equal in some instances to E. V. Wilson's, and closed a most harmonious gathering; and the Convention adjourned to their next quarterly meeting, to be held in Dansville the first Saturday and Sunday in June next. OBSERVER.

[Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

PROGRESSION.

Morning dawns, the day is breaking,
And the clouds of error flee.
Human creeds of darkness shaking;
And the blind begin to see.
Clear the rubbish all away;
Human progress none can stay

Death is spirit life; resigning
Spirits to their native shore;
It is light effulgent shining
On the tomb—as ne'er before.
Shining to the perfect day;
Human progress none can stay

Kindred spirits round us pressing,
And, by their celestial light,
Offer us the greatest blessing,
Charity and spirit sight.
They will not be forced away;
Human progress none can stay.

Spirit beings full of kindness,
As in the decades of yore;
Waiting to remove our blindness
When the darkness we deplore;
Guide us to the perfect day,
Human progress none can stay.

Let us all be up and doing!
Heirs to an immortal state;
Justice and the right pursuing,
Soon we'll reach the golden gate.
Let us start afresh to-day!
Human progress none can stay.

All who wish to gain the blessing,
Labor on and don't despair;
Onward, upward, if progressing
Heavenly trophies you will share.
Up and doing—don't delay!
Human progress none can stay.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

In the course of her remarks in Music Hall, Sunday, the 9th inst., in describing the orthodox judgment day, Lizzie Doten said:

A woman—whose name the recording angel did not pronounce on account of the delicacy and sensitiveness of some of the female saints "up there"—whose nature was a compound of strange influences, and whose idiosyncrasies sometimes astonished her best friends—was called to the bar, and found to have been a thorn in the flesh of the saints (and some who were not saints), an extremely troublesome woman to the scribes and pharisees of earth—and, of course, the good orthodox Deity, in obedience to clamorous public opinion, sent her to the left, where she confronted him with the statement that she "always expected to go there!" while Henry Ward Beecher, on being interrogated as to whether he had ever said he should be tempted to address God as "Our Fiend!" rather than "Our Father!" in view of the eternal damnation of his children, and his replying in the

affirmative, and re-affirming it in the presence of God and all the attending witnesses, while receiving the reproach of the Judge, was cheered by a voice among the goats, crying out, "That's it, Henry; stick to it!" Rev. A. A. Miner, notwithstanding his affection for God in the Constitution, was sent to hell as a wicked Universalist who denied the existence of the fiery lake, and, therefore, needed a touch of it to convince him of its reality. Last of all, in the lecturer's limnings, came Theodore Parker; he being questioned as to his belief in the divinity of Jesus and the infallibility of the Bible, replied that he placed Christ as a Saviour for his day beside Plato, Zoroaster and Confucius, and received only that in the Bible as true which appealed to his reason; but that in all his (Parker's) preaching he had spoken as he was moved by the spirit, and that the truest aspiration of his soul had been "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "To me!" asked the orthodox Deity. "No!" replied Parker; and he was remanded at once to the goatside of the question—but, instead of going, he folded his arms and cried in return: "Depart ye from before the face of the incoming truth!" And the spectral pageant melted away, the shadows of human ignorance rolled up like a scroll, and instead of the lake of fire and brimstone, the happy eyes of the countless millions beheld that "sea of glass mingled with fire," whereon stood "them that had gotten the victory over the beast [had risen by progression above the power of animalism], and over his mark," discoursing rich music from their harps of gold. Along the pathway of eternity should forever operate the great law of progression:

"Hour by hour like an opening flower
Shall truth after truth expand;
The sun may grow pale, and the stars may fall,
But the purpose of God shall stand.
Dogmas and creeds without kindred deeds,
And altar and fane, shall fall;
One bond of love and one home above
And one faith shall be to all."

NATIONAL CITY, San Diego Co., Cal., Feb. 28, 1873.

Mrs. V. C. Woodhull—I have been this whole blessed winter down close to the gates of the Occident, been out of sight of snow and sound of chilling winds, and we are four hundred miles from railroads. When the telegraph wires are down, we are ignorant of the doings and goings of those who live beyond our horizon; so we surmise, wonder and wait. We have heard of you in and out of jail, and of course have hoped and feared. Justice is often powerless, and the Comstockers are not the men to mete out mercy to you and John Weiss.

But of late we have been blessed in having [aerial telegrams. Mr. Jeff. Gatewood, of the San Diego World, has this new method of communication.

In to-day's paper, he says that a number of wonderful things have been happening in the four days last past, during which we have been cut off from our daily telegrams.

Among the marvelous happenings, we are told that Vice-President Colfax has committed suicide, just because he got mixed with the McFarland-Richardson and Credit Mobilier scandals; that the Pope has imitated Pere Hyacinthe and married ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain; that Queen Victoria has finally concluded to brave the world and marry John Brown, Prince Albert's favorite Highland "gillie."

And of you, Victoria! listen and catch the aerial report: Victoria C. Woodhull has eloped with George Francis Train. The thing was managed very cunningly, and the pair were making for the Falls to cross into Canada. All would have gone off nicely but for the irrepressible Train. When the cars reached Rochester he saw a chance for making a speech to a considerable crowd collected around the depot. It was a fatal moment. He had got to the stage of his oration in which he assured the people that the apostle Peter was cut out by the Almighty for a shoemaker, and the gospel of Mathew was stolen from the Zenda Vesta, when an officer stepped up and arrested Victoria. The jealous Blood has sworn out a warrant accusing Woodhull of having stolen his five-thousand-dollar diamond pin; and, spite of the protestations of Victoria that Blood had "spouted" the pin during a recent run of bad luck at bucking the tiger, she was carried back to New York, George Francis making inflammatory speeches at every station. Blood is holding out to crowds at the Grand Central and Train at the Fifth Avenue. They both breathe threatenings and war; but neither is observed to intrude upon the other's bailiwick. Victoria bears herself like a heroine and is out on bail.

Now, Victoria, we are all glad that you are breathing free air. Let me caution you: George Francis glories in the "Bastille;" should he seek another prison, do not go with him. Another hint: keep out of the hard hands of the members of the Y. M. C. A. H. F. M. BROWN.

A LENGTHENED TRANCE—A TWO-YEARS' SLEEPER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A special correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph has visited a girl at Turville, near Great Marlow, who, it is alleged, has been in a trance for nearly two years. He thus describes the interview: The turned-down sheet disclosed the face of a girl who looked fully the age she was reported to be—fourteen. She was lying at a distance of about four yards from the window, and with her back to it; but, before I gave any particular attention to her, I had put back the window curtains, and there was light enough. She has dark brown hair, thick, and strong-looking. The girl's face is by no means cadaverous. There is flesh on the cheeks, which have a pinkish tint, and there is some color in the thin lips. The eyes are calmly closed, as though in healthy sleep. I ventured to raise one of the lids and to touch the eye beneath—to pass the tip of my finger across it, in fact—but there was not even a quivering of the eyelash. Her position in the bed is a natural one. She lies on her left side, and her cheek rests on her open hand. "She always used to lie like that before she was afflicted," the mother informed me; and whenever she was obliged to leave the child by herself

she placed her hand so because she appeared to be much more comfortable. I took hold of the girl's disengaged hand and found that it was quite warm and moist, and that the finger-nails were neatly trimmed. The fingers are not in the least stiffened, and may be closed on the hand as freely as those of a sleeping person. It is not a skeleton hand, neither are any of the little girl's limbs so emaciated as, under the extraordinary circumstances alleged, might be expected. I measured the fore part of the arm by spanning it. I could barely make my thumb and middle finger meet. This would give eight and a half inches as the circumference of the arm. The child's body is very thin as compared with her limbs, but I have seen children in hospital, who have ultimately overcome their disease, much thinner. There is not much substance in her flesh, however; it is soft and flabby, or as her mother expressed it, "sammy." I placed my hands on her feet and was startled to find them almost ice-cold. They were always cold, the mother said—so much so that she found it necessary to keep a hot-water bottle always ready to use in case other means, such as friction, failed to bring warmth into them. As regards the child's breathing, it is so feeble that it is almost impossible to detect it; you cannot feel it by holding the cheek to her mouth, and only the faintest flutter is felt when the hand is laid over the region of the heart.

This is not the first instance of trance in the Trilling family. The child's father lay three weeks speechless and motionless before he died; and a brother of the father—I have only the woman's unsupported statement for this, be it borne in mind—lay six months and a week in the same condition before his demise. The mother of the entranced girl has married a second husband, a man named Sadler, an agricultural laborer, earning twelve shillings a week. Mrs. Sadler has had twelve children, but there are only two of them at home besides the insensible girl, and they are boys of ten and fifteen years of age, able to earn something. Up to the age of eleven the child Ann Trilling enjoyed perfect health; then, however, she was afflicted with abscesses in her neck. To get cured of these she was admitted into Reading Hospital, where for seventeen weeks she was treated. Ultimately the hospital authorities, according to the mother's account, discharged her on the ground that they could do no more than they had done. It was on a Tuesday that the child came out of the hospital, and, there being no more convenient method of carrying her home, she was placed in what the mother describes as a "jolting old cart." As soon as she reached home the child, for the first time in her life, was seized with fits, began to grow drowsy, had fresh fits frequently, and, recovering, was drowsier still. This continued until the Thursday following the Tuesday on which she left Reading Hospital—the 29th of March, 1871, was the date—and on the evening of that day she roused herself and began to talk to her mother about her pains, telling her she wished she could die and be at rest. The mother's narrative is, that she told the little girl to pray, and that they prayed together—the child rocking herself to and fro, with her hands clasped, gradually losing command over herself and growing more and more convulsed, her eyes rolling wildly and her limbs twitching. The mother, alarmed at these symptoms, sent immediately to Dr. Hammond at Stoke Church, but when he arrived, to use her own expression, "the child was fixed down." That is to say, she had sunk into a state of insensibility in which she now remains. For several months her inanimate condition was disturbed by fits of a kind similar to those which at first attacked her, and during her convulsions she would utter moaning sounds, as though in pain; but from the 29th March, 1871, until the present time—twenty-two months—she has never once voluntarily moved from any position in which she has been laid, has never opened her eyes to look about her nor uttered any word or sound, or made any sign that she was conscious of living.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF LIBERALISTS AND SPIRITUALISTS, WHICH MET AT CLEVELAND, O., FEB. 19, 1873.

EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Dear Sisters—I am instructed by the Cleveland Convention to furnish you with a synopsis of their work to reach the people through the press; after which the proceedings are to be published in full, containing Constitution and other papers, in pamphlet form, and supplied to those who may desire it for the sum of 25 cents, which will be ready in about three months.

Very truly yours, J. W. EVARTS, Secretary.
CENTRALIA, Ill., March 1, 1873.

FIRST DAY—FEB. 19.

The Convention met pursuant to the advertised Call at 10 o'clock A. M., at Temperance Hall, Cleveland, O., and was called to order by J. W. Evarts. Mr. W. W. Van Druver, of Cleveland, was elected President *pro tem.*; R. P. Wilson, of Morrisania, N. Y., Vice-President; and J. W. Evarts, of Centralia, Ill., Secretary.

Mr. J. W. Evarts stated the objects of the Convention, briefly reviewing the needs of social reconstruction and claiming that practical work would involve a large amount of capital, and that said capital could not be moved in that direction without a safe investment upon an effective plan; that no chimerical scheme would be entertained by the business people of this country; that the joint-stock basis was the only one, in this selfish age of the world, that could be entered upon with safety; that this basis rendered exact justice all persons, doing away with the wages system, and the demands of human selfishness would therein be wholly satisfied. He then read the Call of the Convention, stating that one of its prime objects was the emancipation of womanhood of humanity and the installment of the human race into a condition where there is no undue prominence of either sex above the other, either in fact or expression; that he finds the human family governed by a male government, worshipping a male God, fettered by male institutions throughout the world; and that age after age has rolled on, enveloped in the same sable panoply. He claimed that

science is the only true redeemer of humanity, that it sustained an equitable duality throughout the domains of matter and spirit, and unfolded the harmonious blending of the material and spiritual foundations of the universe.

Mr. Evarts then read letters from both sexes supporting the purposes of the Convention, emanation from persons in various quarters of the United States, pledging not only money but labor in the great movement of co-operative life and industry.

Mr. R. P. Wilson, of Morrisania, N. Y., said:

"*Respected Friends*—You meet under circumstances of peculiar importance in the annals of the world. In the quietude of nations industry is marching to the front, calling out to know the causes of war, famine, pestilence and disease, and asking why prisons, asylums and courts of injustice are eating out our subsistence and spreading far and wide want, vice and crime. It asks for the remedy without avail, until the voice of inspiration comes upon us. We are assembled here to consider the utility of forming Unitary Homes, upon a system in advance of the isolated, wasteful methods of the present, and to perfect, if possible, a plan upon which humanity can work to freedom, moral, social, financial, religious and political. In your deliberations let order and system be studied; let the spirit of brotherly and sisterly love prevail. Let us remember that we are attended by hosts of unseen helpers, who are on the spiritual side of existence, but whose untiring labors are with us to erect a temple of Wisdom and Love, and to banish want, to promote peace and to insure harmony and happiness to humanity."

The balance of the day was spent in reading letters from friends at a distance, making acquaintance and listening to addresses.

SECOND DAY—FEB. 20.

On motion, R. H. Winslow, of Chicago, was elected permanent President of the Convention; J. C. Saxton, Vice-President; and J. W. Evarts, Secretary.

The various Committees were appointed, and the forenoon spent in reading letters and addresses from friends who could not attend; among them a valuable document from and signed by E. V. Wilson, Henry T. Child, John M. Spear, George D. Henk and twenty-five other earnest workers. Another valuable paper from the pen of George D. Henk was read. The Convention is invited to hold its next meeting in Philadelphia.

A valuable paper was read from Geo. W. Gore, President Harmonial Community, of Lamoile, Marshall County, Iowa; also one from Mr. E. V. Boissiere and E. P. Grant, of Williamsburgh, Ka. All the letters and documents were referred to the Committee on Printing to appear in pamphlet form at an early day, together with a full report of the Convention.

2 o'clock p. m.—Mr. Ira Potter, of Chicago, spoke at length upon the subject of education; claimed that every attempt of government to work up industrial education had proved a failure, and that it must work itself up by self-sustaining, self-governing, industrial colleges; did not complain of human selfishness—it is a divine principle, and we must provide for it.

Mrs. M. B. Lane, Samuel Ware and N. E. Marcy spoke with great zeal as old soldiers in the cause of co-operative industry and social reform.

THIRD DAY—FEB. 21.

Reports of Committees were presented and accepted, and the Convention resolved to go into general discussion of the merits and demerits of co-operative industry.

Mr. R. P. Wilson took the floor and dwelt at length upon the utility and beneficence of the joint-stock plan; considered it the only plan that could command the wealth of the world to the use of ameliorating the present condition of humanity.

Dr. A. Underhill, brother of the late venerable and sainted Samuel Underhill, dwelt at length and with great power of logic upon the communistic order of association, and believed that a community of goods was the only true road to millennial life.

"Greek meets Greek!" and sharp debate prevailed some three hours between the contending elements, to find respite only in a motion to adjourn for dinner.

1:30 p. m.—The Communists renew the contest, and it is with the most persistent efforts that the stock co-operators obtain the floor. Ten minutes' "innings" was resorted to, and the fight was more evenly balanced.

Mr. Evarts rises to a point of order, and claims that the Convention was called in the interest of co-operative industry, ostensibly and declaredly upon the joint-stock basis, with the full intent and purpose of "uniting upon some definite plan," and not to waste time in presenting the effete and threadbare vagaries of Communism. He moved that the Convention enter upon its legitimate work, and take up the report of the Committee on Organization. Motion carried.

The Constitution and By-Laws, as presented by the committee, was then taken up, read, discussed, amended and adopted *seriatim*.

FOURTH DAY—FEB. 22.

The forenoon was spent in making amendments to By-Laws, general discussion, etc.

1:30 p. m.—Report of Committee on Locations was taken up.

Mr. Evarts reported H. J. Loring, P. O. Box 2,492, St. Louis, Mo., has a farm in Southwest Missouri of 360 acres and buildings for fifty inmates. L. Bush, Jamestown, Fentress Co., Tenn., has 1,000 acres and large house; will put it all in as stock. G. W. Gore, Lamoile, Marshall Co., Iowa, is well started. E. P. Grant, Williamsburgh, Ka., 3,000 acres, has vast buildings in process of erection—silk factory. Luther Clough, Skiddy, Ka., 20,000 acres, not yet purchased. R. P. Wilson, Morrisania, N. Y., favors Centralia, Ill., and J. W. Evarts favors the latter place as a desirable location, and hopes that Unitary Homes will spring up in every village and hamlet throughout the world, with good homes and good living with one-half the amount of labor now performed by the industrial classes.

The following resolutions were offered and passed:

1. *Resolved*, That the Constitution and By-Laws which this Convention has adopted is offered as a form for the guidance of local organizations.

2. *Resolved*, That this Convention resolve itself into and be known by the name and title of the American Congress of Social Science.

3. *Resolved*, That the next annual meeting of this, the American Congress of Social Science, take place in Philadelphia, Pa., on the twenty-second day of February, 1874.

On motion, Mr. John W. Evarts, of Centralia, Ill., was elected President and Secretary *ex-officio*; Mr. R. P. Wilson Vice-President; and Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer of the American Congress of Social Science for the ensuing year.

4. *Resolved*, That a National Committee on Correspondence be and is hereby appointed for their respective localities, as follows:

New York City, T. C. Leland, 970 Sixth avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. H. T. Child, 534 Race street.
Boston, Mass., John Orvis.
Washington, D. C., Alfred Cridge.
Chicago, Ill., R. H. Winslow, 154 Warren avenue.
St. Louis, Mo., H. J. Loring, box 2,492.
Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. A. B. Severance.
San Diego, Cal., Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.
Mound City, Kan., Joel Moody.
Cleveland, O., Fanny Wilson, 34 Cheshire street.
Morrisania, N. Y., R. P. Wilson.
Centralia, Ill., J. W. Evarts.

At Large, { ADDIE L. BALLOU,
MOSES HULL,
JENNY LEYS.

5. *Resolved*, That the American Congress of Social Science appoint the following-named persons to act as a Board of Counselors, and invite their acceptance;

Henry Ward Beecher, Henry T. Child,
Victoria C. Woodhull, Addie L. Ballou,
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Josiah Warren,
Mary F. Davis, Annie Dickenson,
Stephen Pearl Andrews, Wendell Phillips,
Susan B. Anthony, Emma Hardinge,
Samuel B. Brittan, Thomas W. Higginson,
Mary A. Leland, Lizzie Doten,
A. E. Newton, Andrew Jackson Davis,
Isabella Beecher Hooker, Tennie C. Claflin,
E. V. Wilson, Warren Chase,
Paulina Wright Davis, Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

6. *Resolved*, That Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin, and others who have suffered with them, for advocating the principles of universal and exact justice, and for rebuking hypocrisy, deserve the thanks of American citizens.

7. *Resolved*, That this Convention is pleased to censure the United States and local authorities of New York city for their aggressions upon the freedom of the press in the case of the suppression of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, as, by so doing, it becomes a precedent upon which to base a general abridgment of American liberty.

On motion, J. W. Evarts was appointed a Committee on Printing.

After further discussion upon the subject of location, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

R. H. WINSLOW, Pres. Con.

JOHN W. EVARTS, Secretary.

GATH, the spicy correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in his happy hits, strikes the churches and church members, after this style:

"Father Abraham, whom have you in heaven? Have you any Baptists there?"

"None!"

"Have you any Episcopalians there?"

"None?"

"Have you any Methodists there?"

"None!"

"Have you any Presbyterians there?"

"None!"

"Whom have you there, Father Abraham?"

"Chiefly members of Congress, vouched for by the Evangelical Society."

[We think Father Abraham ought, in view of recent events, to correct the above, adding, also, such members of Congress as are vouched for by the Y. M. C. A.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A welcome, at the start, to the fact, that Henry Ward Beecher, since the death of Mr. Greeley, is the highest representative product of American institutions, and yet more—a man who, as writer, speaker and preacher in one, has no peer in the world.

And a truce, now, to the fact, that thousands of Henry Ward Beecher's brother clergymen, have all these years been heartily cursing him for his Jesuitism, though, because it was he, compelled to smother their indignation, and accept him like the sneaks and flunkies they were, he inwardly fattening, to carry them round in his pocket!

But see how this very greatness of Mr. Beecher rationalizes what he has done—all this that is charged against him: see how it proves not only and infallibly, that he has done it, but also and as much, that a good reason as against a bad one—even a great necessity—has led him to do it.

Infidels may have supposed that the fact of over seven hundred clergymen in the United States, guilty of seduction, adultery or bigamy, proves clergymen worse than other men. It is not so. Nor is it that clergymen act their own doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, nor that they do little work, constantly call round, and "feed high." There is other reason why more clergymen are involved in sexual amours, than an equal number of any other class in the community.

Women give their confidence to doctors even more than to

clergymen, to doctors they intrust the care of their persons: but that is the doctor's function, his public profession; and the whole world holds him to a rigid responsibility—not only his private, but his *public* honor, forbids him to abuse his trust. Contrariwise, the clergyman's sacred function, in that very fact of seeming to make an amour so impossible, encourages to it, even if all men have thought the reverse. And to the doctor, necessity makes everything natural, and in that sense sacred; but to the clergyman everything is suggestion, half-consciousness, and possibility of occasion. Then, an amour, which does not spring from inherent lust in one of two parties, yet grows out of the kindling of warm, natural love between both; and nothing on earth will so quickly and perfectly fuse two into one as religion, this very religion now being talked about by the clergyman and the sister he is visiting! A holding or pressure of the hand by one or the other, a long look into the eye, a word, a tone—something thought of *then*, or not till afterward—and an amour reached then, or afterward—it is all perfectly natural!

But more yet: woman worships her clergyman, and the more, the greater he is; till there is not one man living who could be so loved, and trusted, and abandoned to, as Henry Ward Beecher! till there is not one man living so likely to have done all as he! Even if unsensual. Even if he had an ethereal face, a Jonathan Edwards face. Serene, impersonal, sky-pure Jonathan Edwards, could hardly have endured the ordeal of pastor of Plymouth Church! But Henry Ward Beecher has an animal face, animal as his body—a face that, so intellectual, is still so much more animal, as to sensual, sensual eyes, mouth, jaw, chin. And then the result becomes absolutely inevitable, and Phrenology, Physiology, Philosophy, Science—all these have known for years what is true of Henry Ward Beecher, what must be true! And all we have helped make it so!

Yes, there is no other man in the world so infallibly convicted, and yet in a sense so above all reproach, from those who have themselves been sharers in the responsibility. It is a great historical event, to which the whole world has contributed—just as really contributed to the fall as to the elevation, since the elevation has produced the fall.

And in that sense it is not a fall, but let the whole truth come out, and every tub stand on its own bottom.

JOSEPH TREAT.

GOD-IN-THE-CONSTITUTION CONVENTION.

The following Protest, after being handed into the Executive Committee of the late Christian Convention, and by that Committee regularly reported to be read before the Convention, was then, by vote of the Convention, refused the reading which had been promised.

PROTEST.

Christian Brethren of the Convention—I am pained to see such good and great men as Dr. Tyng and President Hays so far forgetful of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, as to compare the leading men in the formation of the Constitution—who were, many of them, Infidel to Christianity, together with millions of Atheistic, Deistic, Jewish and Spiritualistic citizens—to skunks and dogs.

But they so learned in the Old Testament: "Without are dogs and sorcerers." But within we are all saints. But they prove themselves to be living under the law of Moses and not under grace.

Paul says, "Why judge ye not yourselves what is right? But judge no man. Who art thou that judgest another?" Why bind this burden in the organic law, grievous to the conscience of good, law-abiding citizens, against whom nothing can be said, except they claim the right to remain on equal footing, without framing into law anything that shall in any way be construed to favor any class or sect, which shall cause the stronger to oppress the weaker? I perceive in this Convention a studied avoidance of coming in conflict with the Catholic Church. But will that Church be found trying to put the Protestant Bible into the Constitution, when they are with all Liberalists in opposing the Bible in common schools, on principles of conscience?

I protest against this great wrong proposed, in the name of the millions among whom are the greatest Scientists of the age, and some of the greatest and best men that ever lived in any age.

A Christian Judge Taney decided according to law, that the black man had no rights that a white man was bound to respect—the Church all the while the bulwark of American slavery, proving it all the while by the Bible; while a Paine first announced that man could not own property in man, neither could one generation own property in a future generation; to whom [Paine] history pays the tribute of doing as much for the Liberation of the Colonies with the drippings of his pen as a Washington with his sword. Judge ye who has the Christ-principle the most fully developed.

Says one of the Reverend Gentlemen: "Mr. Abbott will wheel into line and acknowledge Church faith or Theology." But I propose for him a better fate, which is that of millions who have, by and through the ministrations of angels, become convinced of the doctrine of Immortality and hold to the faith once delivered to the saints according to the Bible, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke and many other eminent divines on this and the other side of the waters.

Thanking you for kindness shown, and hoping this measure will not be carried, I am yours truly, A. C. COTTON.

The *Word* (an able monthly periodical published at Princeton, Mass.), in giving an account of the late meetings of the N. E. Labor Reform League, which were held at the John A. Andrew Hall, in Boston, states the following:

"Mrs. Woodhull spoke twice on Sunday, delivered the 'Suppressed Speech' Monday evening, and repeated it on Tuesday evening, acquitting herself well in every effort. One or two dozen policemen in citizen's dress were present as spies, but they were orderly and quiet."

This is creditable to the police of the Hub. We wish we could say that the police of our sister city of Brooklyn were also law-abiding citizens; but we cannot. The vain effort they made lately to suppress the sale of the WEEKLY, without warrant of law, was a grave misdemeanor. We are, however, charitable enough to impute it to overzealous ignorance on the part of the police authorities of the City of Churches.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In writing to us the following rules should be observed :

1st. Every letter should be plainly dated—town, county and State.

2d. When the letter is to contain a remittance, which, if a check or money order, should be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin, the necessary explanations should be introduced at the head of the letter; a failure to observe this rule subjects the person in charge of that department to much needless reading to find out what it is all about.

3d. After definitely stating all business matters, and especially if it be a renewal or a new subscriber, then should follow any friendly words, which we are always happy to receive from all.

4th. We request those who send either articles or personal letters intended for publication to write graphically and tersely. The necessity for this will be apparent when we say that we have already in "our drawer" enough personal communications, full of words of hope, cheer and comfort to fill a dozen papers. Many of them we shall be obliged to pass over.

5th. All letters should close with the signature of the writer in full; and it should be plainly written. Many letters that we receive are so badly signed that we are obliged to guess at what the writer's name may be.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL is to speak in Dayton, Ohio, Friday evening, March 28, on "The Naked Truth."

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

We recently mentioned the fact of our having procured genuine photographic likenesses of ourselves—Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Colonel Blood—to supply a large expressed demand that has been made almost continuously during the past two years. There are many unauthorized editions floating about in the country and being sold by various persons. None of these are genuine, except such as have been procured directly from us, while many of them that we have seen are either burlesques or libels upon our features.

We are aware that these at a dollar each are dearer than photographs of imperial size usually are, but we thought our friends would be willing to help us in this way to pay the immense expenses to which we have been put by our numerous arrests and coming trials, and we are gratified by the very liberal responses with which our request has been received; but the amount realized thus far falls far below what we are obliged to have before we can properly prepare our cases for trial. We can draw nothing from the WEEKLY to meet these demands, because it requires all that is realized to cover its current expenses, and its existence must not be endangered even to meet these very necessary claims.

So we again say to our friends, while you nominally pay one dollar each for our counterfeit presentations, a part of this is really to apply to expenses to which we have been put by the Government in its attempts to "squell" the WEEKLY, and that all who respond to the appeal for this purpose contribute so much toward this end.

Our desire to discharge a large battery before the Train Muddle culminates, causes us to devote the greater part of this number to giving a faithful elucidation of the case. We hope the officials will be adequately thankful.

THE CONTINUED DUTY.

Our friends will not think it a pleasant duty which we have to perform in keeping continually before them the fact of the necessities of the WEEKLY. It costs us just so much every week to issue the paper, and we are compelled to rely wholly upon the receipts from its circulation for the means to meet this cost. Up to this time the responses have been even more general and larger than we had hoped they would be, and we have only to say to the friends of the cause we advocate: "Continue to labor as earnestly as you have labored and the WEEKLY will never cease to make its regular visits.

But having labored effectually and obtained clubs of certain proposed proportions, you should not cease your exertions but continue to add to them and to urge others to join you in the good work.

We are now in the very heat of the battle for existence, and with past success must not sit down to rest, but must continue the strife until the complete victory is secured. To permit us now to go back would mean to renew the fight under greater disadvantages at another time—giving up all that has been gained. This, we are sure, no one would have, while all that is required to prevent it is continued effort.

We are, as it were, half way up the hill, with all your shoulders to the wheel. If you pause to take breath, even, the wheels may stop, and with all your combined exertions it may be utterly impossible to again start the load. Therefore it is the only policy to keep the wheels rolling until the summit is gained, and then we may all rely upon being able to recruit our exhausted energies.

Then let your efforts be redoubled, hastening the progress toward the end to be gained. Let all those who have labored with so satisfactory results, push on anew, not only continuing their own efforts, but securing recruits from all possible sources. In this way and in this only may we hope to overcome the immense odds against which we have to contend—bigotry, intolerance, phariseism, hypocrisy, ignorance, depravity and the whole clan of powers that is always found in opposition to the enlargement of the area of freedom.

"WHY DO YE THESE THINGS?" WE REPLY:

It is generally supposed by those who know us only by hearsay, or through the press—indeed by many with whom we are well acquainted—that our abhorrence of the present system of legal marriage arises from the bitter experiences of our own in it, and that our sweeping denunciations of it are founded entirely upon this experience without reference to, or modification by, its general conditions. We have permitted even our best friends to say this—to even publish it to the world—as the motive that influences us, because, at the times it has been done, we were not ready, nor were the times ripe to disprove the allegation by the presentation of the true reason for our attitude upon this important question.

But the time has now come in which we beg to say, specially to our friends who have unintentionally represented us, and to the world generally who have very naturally misunderstood us, that our personal experiences have never had anything to do with our movement against marriage, except that they first called our attention to the fact that there was something wrong somewhere.

During the whole of our married life, up to the time of the legal sundering of our first bonds, we had looked upon marriage as a God-appointed institution, to even breathe against which was the unpardonable sin; and all the woe and bitterness which it brought to us were never laid to the charge of the system itself; but when, from this wedding to the system, we grew into a comprehension that marriage was something more than first, a legal ceremony, and after that an external binding of a man and woman to live together; when we learned, by our experiences; when by the development within us of an entirely new standard of judgment, when, in a word, we found that the system, instead of promoting, actually prevented real marriage, then we began to inquire where the wrong really was, and it was not until then that we assayed an exhaustive analysis of everything connected with marriage. We confess that there was never a more abject slave to a soulless institution than were we to marriage. We had been taught that he to whom the law had given us was entitled of God to every pulsation of our heart, to every sentiment of our soul. To permit a thought that any other person in the whole world could command our heart to beat with increased vigor, was sacrilege simply, while to really break the bond by following the dictates of an awakened heart was, as we have said, the particular sin that could not be forgiven, neither in this world nor in that which is to come, and beside which all others, even murder, was comparatively as white as the unsullied falling snow.

There are those still living who will bear out the truth of what we are now constrained to say. Thrown into the society of the world as we were, through our clairvoyant practice and the necessities of our situation, with many of its best men and women, not a few occasions arose which were tests, so far as we were concerned, of this entire negation of selfhood, this absolute swallowing of personality by a thoughtless subserviency to marriage.

We say these things to more firmly impress upon our friends that our rebellion against marriage was not the result of our marriage experiences; and to convince them that it

was not unhappiness nor a mere personal desire for freedom that finally led us into a crusade against the system. It was only when we came to know that there was no God-appointed marriage which was not founded on, and continued by love; when we came to understand that love could not be controlled, or would not yield obedience to the mandates of the law; in a word when we came to know that love whether inside or outside the marriage law, would be free in spite of all things else;—when we came to know all these things, and to see their general meaning, yet not then, the wide-spread demoralization of which we are now cognizant, resulting from an opposite order of things, and involving, so far as our experience goes, fully two-thirds of all married people—then, and not tell then, did we declare war; and every day confirms us more irrevocably, not only in its justice but in its necessity also.

And this declaration of war was not made to obtain our freedom; this had been acquired long before it was made. Neither must it be assumed that it was made in any blindness to the terrible magnitude of the campaign; nor yet in ignorance of what would have to be encountered. We shrank from entering upon it, with all the timidity that our sensitive soul was capable of feeling. We knew to oppose marriage was to call down upon our heads all the vituperation and abuse of which the language is capable; we knew to advocate freedom for love was to be branded all over the world as a dissolute and debauched woman; we knew it was to be ostracised, persecuted, perhaps sacrificed; and yet, knowing all this, we could not resist the power that impelled us forward. It was something we could not avoid, and many things that we have done since the beginning, have been involuntary on our part, yet their wisdom has always appeared afterward.

And thus we have pursued our way up to this time. Now we are prepared to state all this and to show the world what it needs to know; what its conditions demand it should know, but what "the powers that be" are determined, if possible, to prevent it from knowing, as witness our recent persecution upon an impossible charge of obscenity—the only method by which our journal could be "squellched." But the terrors by which we are confronted are as nothing to us, compared to those by which we were almost overwhelmed at the outset, but they did not prevent our entering upon our course; how much less, then, shall what is now prevent us from pursuing it.

We have deemed it proper, though it has been necessarily somewhat personal, to show that our present attitude is one to which we were compelled by truth and principle, and which was assumed only when our own regard for them would no longer permit us to do differently; and not one, as it has been boldly proclaimed even by friends, to which we were driven by our own personal grievances; and by the enemies of the freedom which we advocate, to cover the foulness of our own lives. We are not unmindful of individual conditions, since it is these that point the way to the errors of existing things; but for the last time we affirm that we are the advocates of Social Freedom, because we know that in it alone shall the race ever come to perfection and consequent happiness; and we are the unrelenting foe of the continued bondage of love, because we know that it is the spring in which all human misery has its fountain. Consider first, this knowledge, and then consider if we should be excusable did we not do all that in us lies to do to point out the causes that lie hidden beneath the surface of society, covered over by a false modesty, a sham morality, and a hypocritical and canting religion, corrupting the very springs of life.

But whether the verdict that shall be rendered in the present generation shall be in our favor or against freedom for love, we shall continue to wage a relentless warfare against its slavery by any method or for any purpose, conscious that future generations will gladly accept its results; and furthermore, we know there are hundreds of thousands of mentally, morally and physically suffering men and women all over the world who, though afraid to take the responsibility of a personal avowal, are daily blessing us within the sacred depths of their souls; and, therefore, while perchance we may have the spoken curses of the present, we still realize that there are heartfelt blessings, though they be unspoken, which of themselves would, without any devotion to the principle for its own sake, nerve us to stand firmly to our purposes—the utter abrogation of all laws that shall in the remotest way fetter and enslave the affections, and by so doing consigning the body to the use of any person to whom it is not given from love.

THE MINERVA OF THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM.

Jennie Leys at Apollo Hall again on Sunday evening astonished and delighted the immense audience that assembled there; astonished it by the magnificent display of intellectual power by which she grouped the points of her subject, and delighted it by the finished oratory by which she elucidated it. It was something so much beyond the ordinary efforts of even our best speakers, that it may seemingly appear to those who are not informed that we would raise invidious distinctions in favor of Jenny Leys if we were to speak of it only as it deserves.

Her subject was God in the Constitution, and could it have been delivered at the Convention recently held in Cooper Institute, that Convention would have broken up, if not in a row at least in confusion; but as it was not spoken there,

the next best place it could have been, was where it really was, before the Spiritualists of New York.

She began by reading the demands of Liberalists, and followed this by stating the call and declarations of the God-in-the-Constitution people. Then she took them up paragraph after paragraph and proposition after proposition, and analyzed their real meaning, tore them into shreds so that there was not even a vestige left that stood the test of the logical examination. She showed them all to be either bare assumptions or palpable frauds or egregious falsehoods, and even proved them treasonable in intention to the very power they profess upon their face to subserve. Tested by their own statements, they fell; tested by their pretended foundation upon Christ and the Bible, they fell; and tested in their declaration of purpose, they also fell; and so great was the fall that not so much as one stone was left standing upon another.

She argued that the recent movements of the Young Men's Christian Association against the freedom of the press, as evidenced by their arrest of us upon the preposterous charge of circulating obscene literature through the mails; against the freedom of speech, as evidenced by the influence which closes public halls against those who speak upon pregnant subjects; against the analyzing of the Bible, as evidenced by the disgraceful arrest of Mr. Train for quoting its obscenity, and, to get themselves out of that, the still more disgraceful attempt to have him declared insane, were, each and all of them, the preliminary movements to establish precedents upon which to predicate future action; and said they were the Sumpter guns which really open the war that seems now to be inevitable.

"If it has come to this that for quoting the Bible of to day a man can be imprisoned in the Tombs—the diabolism of to-day, and then be sent to the Insane Asylum, then we say down with the Bible and the Bastille together. And you will have Bastilles so long as the Bible stands. And we say that he who is in the Tombs to-day, branded as a lunatic, would be a better President for the nation than he who attempts to Christianize the Indians with the people's money, and who, with the Bible in his hands, says Mormonism shall be annihilated. One of two is true: either Mormonism is divine or the Bible is satanic. We are no Mormon, but we do say if the Bible is right, Mormonism, which substantiates the Bible, is right."

She showed that their propositions were nothing less than an attempt to revolutionize the Government in the interests of the so-called, but mis-called Christian religion. Indeed it is just as treasonable as was the Jeff. Davis secession; being in reality a secession from our present system of government and a proposition to erect quite a different one in its place.

But, she said, the real danger does not lie in the fact that these propositions are made, or that they will be pressed on to victory or defeat, but in the fact of the supineness of the people, who seem to be unconscious of the fact that danger is organizing under their very eyes.

She closed by an earnest appeal to form a liberal league in New York that should exceed in strength any other in the country, to all of which we say amen!

Apollo Hall, or rather St. James Theatre, was crowded, many of the audience being those who are not usually seen there, but whom the power of the gifted speaker drew. Nor is it merely that she is a gifted speaker that makes her an attraction beyond the usual speakers on Spiritual rostrums; but it is more specially because she speaks upon living issues, upon the issues that are even now upon the people, and because she treats them from an ultra radical standpoint. These facts ought to teach the conservatives of the Apollo Hall clique a little wisdom. If they wish large audiences and to have them composed of "outsiders" to become "insiders," they must take the steps to secure them. When Jennie Leys spoke of the possibility of being here again in May the desire of the audience that it should be so was unmistakably manifested. Now, if to succeed her the management would secure the services of Laura Cuppy Smith, and after her those of C. Fannie Allyn, and follow with Nellie Davis and others of like radicalisms, they may be sure the public will crowd their hall; but let them engage those who will permit a muzzle to be placed upon their lips, and they may expect empty seats instead. It is destiny, and they may not hope to oppose it successfully.

VICTOREIN SARDOU'S UNCLE SAM.

The comedy, which is being performed at the Grand Opera House, is the same that was prohibited throughout France by the French Government at the special solicitation of Hon. E. M. Washburne, Minister to that Government from this country. From what was said about it at the time of the suppression, we presume that most people acquired the idea that it is something too vulgar and indecent for a respectable public audience to even listen to, saying nothing about approving its sentiments.

We say this was probably the general impression resulting from the treatment which the press has extended it; but thanks to Manager Daly, we have the opportunity of testing the honesty and animus of the Minister and press, and testing them, we can well see why Mr. Washburne did not want it performed in Paris, and why the press do not want it performed in America.

The fact of the business is, there is too much truth told by it about fashionable society here in the United States; too much of the truth told about the manner in which our po-

litical machinery is managed, and too much truth told about the average commercial man. Indeed, it is because the truth is laid bare that the Minister and the press do not want it to be performed anywhere in the world; they do not wish it to come to be understood that we are not an honest people in trade, a pure people in politics and a virtuous people in social affairs; and just this does this comedy do in a very forcible way.

It is no more than is to be expected that those who manage politics, who control finance and pretend to constitute society, should object to having the thin veil of hypocrisy torn from between them and the great honest-hearted masses of the people. Those in these positions are afraid to let the truth be known about themselves, and consequently cling to the veil that hides their deformities; it is nevertheless being rent asunder, and the people not only are not afraid of the light, but they begin to demand it in tones that are not to be either misunderstood or ignored; and thus it comes that a play which delineates the truth, with the superficial masks thrown aside, is enthusiastically received by crowded audiences in the best theatre in the United States.

There we see how our elections are controlled and the real voice of the people set aside; everything is "cut and dried before the primaries—nominating meetings—are held, as well as the various methods of using money to secure subsequent success. There we see how stock and other "jobbing" operations are conducted; and how successful bankruptcies are managed; and, more than all, there we see how the hearts and souls of our youth, our boys and girls, are poisoned and hardened against all that is manly in man and womanly in woman. Marriage is shown to be just what it is—a mere business transaction—while love goes wherever it will, as it must; and the whole business of fashionable women, is there seen to be, to sell their bodies to the highest bidder for cash; their hearts, when touched by the magic wand of love, being given where they must be given.

But it also demonstrates the redeeming quality which rests beneath all this mockery and hollow sham which we call society, and which quality always is the salvation of the individual if it but be reached, and which, after all, will save the nation when freedom shall reign and permit the possibility of its being reached, and when marriage shall consist of love instead of law merely, as it does now. A flirtation begun upon purely mercenary motives, to which she had been reared, terminates in love assuming the sway in the heroine, and compelling its adversaries to a humiliating defeat. Love is to be the redemption of the world, and he or she who knows and obeys not its gentle but potent sway, is lost.

Mrs. John Wood personates the heroine, who is first the heartless coquette but afterward the very embodiment of true womanhood, made so by the virtue of genuine love freed from all dross, in her inimitable way, which has not been approached even, by any one since her advent upon the stage; while John Brougham delineates the Yankee politician and speculator. The rest of the characters are well rendered, and, take it all in all, it is the most instructive piece for good that has been put upon the stage within our memory. This is the comedy for our youth to see. We hope it may have a long and prosperous run.

We should have been glad to have entered into an analysis of all the features of this almost entirely new feature of the American stage, which the courage of Manager Daly has permitted the public to enjoy and approve, but time and space prevent.

LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

251 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, March 5, 1873.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT:

Dear Sirs—The question has been frequently asked me directly, and the report has been busily circulated indirectly, that I have renounced Spiritualism and given up my engagements on the spiritual rostrum.

As it is not my custom to deal indirectly in any way, you will very much oblige me if you will give publicity to the following statement: I never have and never can, while I have life and sense, renounce Spiritualism, as I understand it; but I do renounce and denounce free-loveism, and, finding a great amount of this doctrine saddled upon Spiritualism, and a great many Spiritualists professing and acting out its teachings, under the name of Spiritualism, I have resolved to separate my teachings from free-loveism, and my associations as far as possible from free-loveites, both now and as long as I recognize Spiritualism to be the pure and holy belief I deem it. Remembering the torrents of abuse that were poured upon me some months since, when I announced views of this character, although I did not then, and shall not in future, concern myself about it, I should still forbear from again exposing myself and my belief to such vituperation, did I not perceive that it suited the purpose of such opponents to try and shuffle me out of their path by giving rise to the report that I had canceled my engagements and renounced Spiritualism. I have canceled some engagements for reasons which only concern myself and the parties who engaged me; but until I am convinced that Spiritualism and free-loveism are synonymous terms, I will not allow any slanderer to circulate the report that I have renounced that holy faith which, in my interpretation of its meaning, is the best possible corrective of free loveism, animalism and all its correlatives.

For those committees who desire to hear from my lips the teachings which for the last sixteen years of my life I have faithfully and without stint of labor or self-sacrifice devoted to the exposition of Spiritualism in its purest and highest revelations, I am still a Spiritualist lecturer, still ready to

make engagements with them and fulfill them as the spirits give me utterance. With these committees who, under the pretense of maintaining "a free platform," suffer the noble truths of Spiritualism to be confounded with and disgraced by the teachings of animalism—with those who help to sap the morals of the young and furnish an excuse for hoary-headed sensualities, by maintaining a platform where impure morals and shameless doctrines are preached under the guise of "Spiritual Philosophy"—with such as these I have nothing to do. With such I have renounced the Spiritualism they teach, and the doctrines which are fast branding the whole cause of American Spiritualism with an ill odor all over the world. To help maintain this sublime truth in its purity—its Catholic spirit of encouragement for all reforms, whether religious, moral, social, or scientific, that will make man purer and better, help him to trample his passions under his feet, not give him a philosophic excuse for indulging in them—for such Spiritualism as will make the world wiser, better and more truly spiritual, I am ever ready to live, work, teach, speak and labor, and all who feel with me in these respects may assure themselves that they will ever find a faithful worker and willing co-laborer in

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

N. B.—My address as a Spiritualist lecturer is still in the columns of the *Banner of Light*, and those who desire to hear Spiritualism, not animalism, may still command my services.

COMMENTS.

Anything written in the evident ill-temper of the above letter, in which the truth, as in this case, is knowingly, willfully and maliciously, grossly perverted, is unworthy not only of the person who wrote it, but also unworthy of notice; and was the writer any other than one who aspires to the leadership of Spiritualism, it would not be noticed in these columns; but for the sake of the grandest, the broadest and the deepest of all reforms—for the sake of social—aye, we will say it—for the sake of sexual reform, it will be noticed, not, however, in the spirit in which it was written, but rather in the spirit of sisterly love which would win the subject from an unhappy frame of mind to be a co-laborer in such reform as is mutually advocated.

We have yet to learn that anybody has any right to decide just what Spiritualism may be. We know we have heard the writer of the above claim for it the scope of all reform; remember, not what she is pleased to call reform, but all reform. Now we do not believe that the reforms which she evidently holds as constituting Spiritualism are worthy of any better name than Sectarianism; since more of the Spirit of sect than is here shown could not well be centered in less space.

With whatever personal quarrels the writer may have with anybody we have nothing to do; and with whatever quarrel she may desire to bring about, we shall surely have nothing to do. We have no time to "pull hair." But when, with unbecoming bitterness, she cuts herself free from those who are, at least, as good Spiritualists as she would even pretend to be, and seeks to brand them, whom she has left, by a degrading animalism, then we have something to do in the case, and we shall not shrink from performing our duty according to our own idea as to what that is, claiming the while to be a Spiritualist, even though we may have been read out of the ranks with ever so little or great ceremony.

It is sometimes requisite to tell a little plain, unvarnished, naked truth; and if, in this instance, it have to be told, the object ought not to complain of the subject for the telling, since it is from no desire of ours that it is told; but the truth, though uncomfortable and even bitter, is frequently administered with as much benefit as is the surgeon's knife that cuts through to the bone and lays bare the bleeding flesh. We believe this instance to be one that demands just this administration.

It is never effective to call names, and that the writer of the above was betrayed into that weakness shows an evident tenderness somewhere that has been the object of unpleasant contact. Wisdom teaches those who bandy with edged tools to take heed lest they be harmed, and ill-temper is the most dangerous of all edged tools. It is worse even than an overloaded gun which kills at both ends, since it kills at but one end and that to the rear.

And it is for this reason that we are no less surprised than grieved that Emma Hardinge has permitted herself, under any consideration, whatever it may be, to permit its manifestation. It is unworthy of her past record, and unworthy of what she aspires to be.

Moreover, why should a rush into print have been made about a purely personal matter that had not previously had public notoriety? The fact that engagements had been made and vacated was no subject for public controversy, especially before the right to make and annul them had been questioned. Neither was the alleged statement of her renunciation of Spiritualism a matter of newspaper notoriety, until made so by herself. Then, what was the motive for calling public attention to it in a letter nominally written for that purpose? Is it the fact that it was really written for quite a different purpose? Undoubtedly it was. The animus of the whole letter does not seem to be that she has been misrepresented; and she distinctly avows that the engagements were between herself and the managements. Then, wherefore this envenomed letter? Plainly, the dominant idea is to make her nominal plea the opportunity for discharging her wind-batteries against free lovers. Now, it would have been somewhat more becoming and, withal, more consistent to have rebuked their "impure morals" and refuted their "shameless doctrines" in the columns of the *Free Love Advocate*, which are always invitingly open for any

such forlorn hope. If her "corrective" be so potent, and the exigency of the free lovers so imminent, on account of their being in a very bad way, we sincerely hope she may administer the remedy directly to them in the columns of their own journal. But since she has come before the public upon personal matters, she may not object if reply in personal matters be made.

"Impure morals!" "Shameless doctrines!" Forsooth! Emma Hardinge, thou dost tread on dangerous ground. Perchance thou mayest, ignorantly, of course, include by thy sweeping assertions some who, perhaps, may *knowingly* be as pure morally, sexually you mean, as thou art; and whose doctrines on trial may be maintained as less shameless even than are thine! So, beware; for though thou seemest to occupy hyperian heights of purity, thou art in danger from such loose and unguarded use of words.

Has Emma Hardinge-Britten all her life long trampled her passions under her feet? We ask for information merely, and pause for a reply, with the simple remark that it is always judicious to remember the proverb about glass houses.

But before proceeding to speak of facts, we must first say that when Free Love is stamped in the mud of sexual debauch by any writer, we shall rescue it and plant it on the throne, high and radiant, at the head of all reform. Free Love is not animalism, nor the excuse for animalism; nor are Free Lovers animals, as this writer would have it inferred. And more than this, when she wrote it she knew better. Her own record refutes the insinuation; and if she will examine it she will find herself corrected out of her own mouth and by her own deeds—a most satisfactory way to be corrected, and to which nothing to be added by us is requisite.

But, aside from this, the sincerity of the writer may justly be called in question, and we do so call it. And for this reason:

Something more than a year ago Emma Hardinge filled an engagement in this city in Apollo Hall, during which, she took occasion to refer to us by implication, and without ever having seen us, or without ever having had any reason upon which a proper conclusion could be founded, she asserted that we advocated the disgusting theory of Free Love, not upon principle, but to cover the feculence of our lives; and the same thing, or to the same effect, she repeated in the *Banner of Light*. Now, when Emma Hardinge did this she ceased to be the ideal woman we had previously held her. She made an assertion of the truth of which she had no proof, and of which she could not by any means have known, and which those in the ranks of Spiritualists who know us well, know that she did not know, and by so doing Emma Hardinge, the grand woman, fell, "a thousand feet" upon the racks of some pernicious sentiment and was flayed; and she is conscious of all we say; knows it to be true; feels its sting.

A few days after that assertion was made we met Emma Hardinge. During the conversation which followed she distinctly averred as follows:

"You and I are capable of freedom, and it would be right for us to have it; but it will not do to trust the masses with it." We replied that we were not competent to judge for the masses, claiming only to do so for ourselves; but being ourselves capable of freedom, and desiring it and demanding it, we could not consistently be accessory to the denial of it to any one who also desired it.

The same, we are sorry to say it, pharisaical—the I-am-holier-than-thou—spirit that framed this averment, breathes in every sentence of this letter and stamps it with the seal of insincerity. But this even is not the whole truth. From various places at which Emma Hardinge has been lecturing, come to us, in the form of letters, the same story, that everywhere she sought to carry the impression contained in her Apollo Hall statement, adding to that some pointed reference to another with whom we are closely connected. This other person, being an old acquaintance, took occasion to remonstrate with her, by letter, against the continuance of such allusions to himself, declaring them wholly unfounded. This drew forth a reply utterly ignoring the charges, and stating positively and in the most contemptuous terms that the information was false, that she had never used either of our names except to answer some questions, and not then in the connection to which reference was made. But we have a dozen rebuttals of this denial, and they are of such character as to warrant us in the conclusion that Emma Hardinge has used, and still continues to use, our names rather extensively, with much the same meaning as the Apollo Hall statement.

Now there was no reason why Emma Hardinge should have made that personal attack upon us. We had never given her any cause for personal ill-feeling. If she did not agree with our theories regarding social matters, it was her right and duty to refute them; but it seems she has yet to learn that to blackguard an advocate does not necessarily controvert her arguments; and also to learn that a new theory may possibly dawn upon the world, bearing as "ill order" as Spiritualism bore when Emma Hardinge first, upon conviction, embraced its truth, and still, like it, be true.

We are sorry for Emma Hardinge that she took this course and that she maintains it so persistently, as is evidenced in this, her last letter. It is unfair; it is unkind; it is unladylike; it is unjust, to band all the advocates of social freedom together and label them morally unsound. The most audacious and extreme advocates of social freedom with whom we are acquainted are, sexually, even in the popular accept-

ance of the term, pure—the purest people we know. Indeed our observation teaches us that just in the degree people are born into the truths of social freedom, do they, in reality, become pure-minded and truly moral; and it is still more palpably true that those among our acquaintances who are the most violently and bitterly opposed to social freedom are really the most licentious. We have never seen a libertine or a lewd woman who was not opposed in toto to social freedom; and we know that these are the rules by which to try people, not always or mainly in outward practice, but in interior soul purity—in the purity which Jesus taught when he said, "Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already in his own heart."

We fear a similar rule holds regarding the "torrents of abuse" of which complaint is made. We have heard a great deal said of Emma Hardinge, but never a word of abuse. Abuse consists of gratuitous language, and in this case she, in our esteem, is rather the subject than the object of it. It seems to us that, to call people animals whose free-loveism needs the correction of her sort of pure Spiritualism, and apply this to those who every way are as pure, as high-minded and as reformatory inclined as she can be, is a torrent of abuse most unguardedly let loose. We say this is our opinion; others may regard it differently. If needlessly, except for self-protection, any should go over to England and maliciously hunt up all the little bits of scandal which float there; should even call in question some of her social relations, and returning launch forth that Emma Hardinge is not a proper woman and that her practices have been questionable, she might with propriety talk of "torrents of abuse," for they would, if not true, bear a strong resemblance to just that.

Purity, and goodness, and charity and justice that the world professes with so much zeal are soon to be tried in the furnace of principles to see whether they are something vital and real and self regulating, or whether they are cold and formal and legal, merely, forming an exterior decoration instead of an interior significance. When this day shall come the spirit that prompted the above letter will, if we do not misjudge it, be found cast off as dross; and if Emma Hardinge have not yet attained to the sphere of use to which she aspires, will she permit us very humbly to suggest that there is another and a shorter way to reach it than this is, by which she has been recently traveling. And it is never too late to do the better thing.

We wish to disclaim any connection whatever with this reply, the intimation made in the above letter to "opponents to try and shuffle me out of their path by giving rise to the report that I had cancelled my engagements and renounced Spiritualism." We have seen no such report nor heard it. Indeed, we were not aware that she had any engagements to break or annul; nor do we know of any person in whose path Emma Hardinge stands. All this is more than "Greek" to us, and, as was stated, we have nothing whatever to do with this part of the question; but when all free-lovers are assailed as animals, and free-love as animalism merely, then we are put upon the defense, and we shall never permit those beautifully united words ever to be trailed in the mud without rushing to their rescue. With individuals we have nothing to do; but when principles are at stake we shall always be found ready to do battle for them, and if need be, to tell plain, home truths to enforce their application; when such truths have as direct application as do these we have related.

Emma Hardinge needs a lesson. We are sorry it has fallen to us to teach it, since it is an unpleasant task for which we have the strongest dislike; but we have given it in no other spirit than as a corrective, as she facetiously calls it; or as the surgeon plunges the lance to the hilt for the benefit of the patient. And we love sister Emma for all the good she has done, and that has been not a little, and we shall continue to love her whether she will have us or no. A true friend is one who calls attention to faults rather than one who praises virtues only; and in this sense we hope sister Emma may accept what we have felt called upon to speak at this time; but if she do not so accept it, we beg her to remember that we have not traveled outside of our own individuality, having confined ourselves strictly to it, upon which she has wontonly trespassed. Can she retort similarly? No! She has felt called upon, unasked, to take up the cudgel for others against us; but we are to remember that "you and I, being capable of freedom," need no aid; but those not so fortunately situated in her esteem require what she can give—the old story of the "beam" and the "mote." If she doubt the application let her analyze a little more accurately than she has heretofore done. Let her remember that Emma Hardinge is not perfect yet, and she will become a greater and a better woman, and a more efficient and effective reformer.

The newspapers of New York city have been occupied during the past week in giving the sickening details connected with the late legal murder of Foster in the Tombs prison. Our readers will excuse us from repeating the nauseating particulars of that horrible barbarity, got up to order, as stage-manager Elliston would say, to please the sanguinary public.

Furthermore, it is not our intention to pollute our natures with the miasma that infects the air there, until our friend George Francis Train is poisoned by it, unless, previous to that event, the gallows is again set up there for the execution of Beardsley, the informer; in which case our readers will be duly notified of his conduct during his trial, and after his conviction, with the termination of his career.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

BRIDGEPORT, March 16, 1873.

I send you another paragraph; if like, the others, you think the waste basket the best place for it, throw it there.—C. S. M.

"In a word neither Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Tilton, had done any wrong."—Victoria C. Woodhull.

Looking on marriage as a civil contract between the parties, or supposing all marriage laws were abolished, would not a man or woman have the right to form a partnership with such conditions as they of their own free will might choose to make? If they have a right to make a contract, are they not bound by it? If Mr. Beecher choose to make a contract with Mrs. B. was he not morally bound to keep himself to that contract until he could say to Mrs. B.; our partnership is not mutually beneficial, and I give you fair notice of its dissolution!

If before such notice and dissolution he was false to every term of the written contract he had persuaded Mrs. B. to make with him; is he not a swindler and a cheat, and Mrs. Tilton the same? If there is any such thing as honesty or honor in the word of man or woman, how is it shown when you say neither of these persons have done any wrong? I pray you make it plain to my understanding.

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK.

If marriage were a civil contract merely, or if there were no laws regarding marriage, parties would certainly have the right to form a contract to live as man and wife; and having this right also carries with it the right to break it if either choose. But our questioner forgets one of the first principles of contracting, which is this: All the merit any contract can possibly have is in the ability to perform it. Therefore, a contract made, when it is known the ability to fulfill it is wanting, is not a contract, but a fraud. Now, just here is a chief reason why there should be no binding contracts in marriage, since it ought to be based upon love, and no person living is competent to say, positively, "I will love you always," because love is not a subject of the will, to come or go at its bidding, or even to stay. There may be contracts to live together, and they may be fulfilled to the letter, as many now are, where love is entirely wanting; but it is just this condition we desire to have done away, for it is nothing more nor less than contracted prostitution, giving the body, because the contract has been made to do it, and not from the dictates of love. If a person contract to live with another when love is absent, we say the shorter time the contract has to run the more honorable; and in this light a permanent marriage maintained against the impulses of love, is the greatest of all sexual abominations. The theory of marriage is the power to love, if the contract be broken, if parties do not love, then the contract is forfeited and the continuation of the semblance of it is not the continuation of marriage. We therefore assert that all people who are to-day living together in marriage bonds, who do not so live because of their mutual love, are, in principle, nothing less than prostitutes, and coming generations will so regard them.

But even admitting the binding force of a contract to love, what, we pray, shall enforce it if the individual's idea of duty and honor do not do it? So it is seen that if the onus be even transferred from love to duty, the case is in no better condition, because no law can any more determine what shall be the duty of a person than it can whom he shall love. One is a matter of involuntary action, as far as the will is concerned, while the other is a matter of the conscience, and conscience being a product of various causes varies in every individual, and can be regulated by no common rule for all individuals. So at last we are obliged to remand the whole matter back to the individual, and there to leave it.

Therefore, Mr. Beecher could not be morally bound to do anything by anybody save himself, since the moment a law or any third person or persons should assume to sit in judgment over his morality, that moment his rights as an individual are set at defiance, and he is a slave ruled by masters or despots; and to call him a swindler or a cheat, or a knave, is entirely outside of our right, either inherited or commissioned. If he have done what is right to himself, we have no right to assume he has done wrong, unless either himself or the other party to it first admit or complain of the wrong, in which case we may with propriety assume the championship of either side; that is, if one only claim be wrong; but if both admit it, then there is no longer any question of championship. In a word it is a matter with which we have simply nothing to do, it being none of our business, and it would not become our business unless either party should solicit our interference.

So we see after all that it is not a question either of law, duty or morals; but that it is wholly and only a question of jurisdiction, as to where the controlling power rests; whether in the individual, or in the master or despot over the individual; and if we decide that it is not in the individual we virtually refute the struggle of the last thousand years, which has been one to wrest control from arbitrary power and relegate it to individuals. There is no consistent halting-place between the one-man power for the whole world, and the complete freedom of the individual in all things, to be held amenable only as he or she invades the freedom of some other individual, and then only so far as protection demands, and not for a recompense or punishment.

Freedom is a large thing and it requires a wide comprehension to save all its domain from invasion, and it is because the whole situation is not encompassed that we fly to

the relief of one set of ills by any other set just as bad. In other words, the ills of lack of love cannot be cured by remanding love to the jurisdiction of duty; since duty can be made as intolerable a despotism, as love has come to be; and if in the strife for freedom of love, we transfer the control to the realm of duty and permit enforcement in that realm, we shall shortly be obliged to rebel against even that despotism. It is thus we have been going forward, fighting the battle and gaining the victory for freedom, first in one domain, and then following the retreating despot into another domain, and then fighting and defeating him again, until those who take a survey of the whole field, have determined to strike for freedom in all things, and fight the despot for these and defeat him finally, leaving him no ground upon which to retreat and again set up his throne. And these are the grand truths of the New Dispensation.

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS.

THE GREATEST OUTRAGE AGAINST AMERICAN LIBERTY EVER KNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY.

Forcing a Sane Man into a Lunatic Asylum Without Judge or Jury.

The Coming Revolution Culminating.

The Marvelous Apathy of the People as their Liberties are Passing Away.

The Second Historical Interview.

A Letter Loaded with Grape to Warden Johnson.

The Warden Deceived by the Board De Lunatico Enquirendo.

Mr. Train Entirely Exonerates him of Wrong.

Surgeon-General Hammond Receives a Bombshell.

District-Attorney Phelps Brought to Bay.

Telegrams to General Dix.

The Terrible Apathy of the People.

The strange epidemic of apathy that has deprived the American Press of speech is attracting the attention of all the thinking people of the land. The immense activity of the organization of American Jesuits, the Y. M. C. A., or, as Mr. Train has marked them, is riveting their attention upon the vital points.

The Young Mules Concubine Association.

(This is the Epigram.)

The Y. M. C. A.

The Young Mules Concubine Association.

Makes "Obscene" Bill's logic save the nation.

This Lunatic name shall be their Trade-mark stamp

Which will immortalize their "Obscene" scamp.

We predict this name will last Comstock and his airs forever, as well as to crush out these spies.

The bold attempt to force God into the Constitution, the railroading of a bill through Congress suppressing "Obscene" Literature (the Bible not being mentioned), the shutting of lecture halls against two women, the suppressing of newspapers—all these encroachments on the liberty of the people as shown in our columns under "The Menagerie," and other articles, have at last culminated in the attempt to throw Mr. Train into a lunatic asylum, where we believe they intend to murder him. Although we know he refused to see reporters, his manhood in fighting this battle for the religion of humanity emboldens us to make the attempt, and our readers will have the first opportunity the press has given of knowing what took place at the last interview. We publish below the semi-report of the first interview of the Commission.

The letters to Surgeon-General Hammond, District-Attorney Phelps, Warden Johnson, and the telegrams to General Dix have not before been made public, and we make our acknowledgments for his courtesy to our reporter.

Reporter.—Do you wish to make any statement, Mr. Train?
Mr. Train.—*Cui bono?* The papers would not publish it. Look at this extract.

THE BOARD DE LUNATICO ENQUIRENDO thought Mr. Train a timid man, except in his language, and was of opinion that he ought to be at once released from confinement, as that tended to aggravate his malady. "Mr. Train," he said, "is a man of great genius and fine education. His chief illusions were that he was to be Pagan Dictator, was the only man who could save the country, and was the leader of the Internationals." * * * * * Mr. Phelps has no doubt that Mr. Train "had a screw loose" somewhere, but he thought him harmless and not subject to hallucinations fraught with danger to any one. * * * * *

Mr. Train says very little about the doctor's decision. He thinks that there is a conspiracy to get him into an asylum, and he will quietly submit to the authorities, relying upon his friends to see him vindicated.

His friends are aroused, and they will make a fight that promises the strongest kind of a diversion in Mr. Train's favor.

Reporter.—Have you no comments to make on the report?

Mr. Train.—No, only that the journals forget that such a man ever existed! A solemn commission of judges, lawyers and doctors have given their official opinion that I am "a coward (timid man) of unsound mind, though harmless," and the press is silent, and as for friends or relations, I have no faith in them, hence require no assistance and court no sympathy. I have refused to see any reporters, but I talk with you personally as words of kindness (and who have been persistent in helping me show up this Chamber of Horrors) are seldom forgotten by those not accustomed to hear them; but I would rather you would make no further allusion to my case.

Reporter.—But as journalists we are obliged to report everything of interest to the public, and your case is much dis-

cussed by the people, and my instructions are to take down into short-hand your conversation, every word of which will be printed in the WEEKLY.

Mr. Train.—How can they understand a matter on which they have no information except through a packed jury? Why not ask Surgeon-General Hammond or Judge Dowling to give you the substance of the second examination.

THE SECOND OFFICIAL INTERVIEW IN DISGUISE.

Reporter.—They are both very reticent, but can you not record what took place?

[Here Mr. Train gave a digest of the conversation which we reproduce, as nothing can be got from General Hammond.]

Mr. Train.—General Hammond asked if he might enter my cell with his friends. Certainly, I said; come in, come in Judge Dowling; take that chair Judge; sit there on the bed, General; and the Doctors with the chief also shook hands; I see no one, gentlemen, but acquaintances of the murderer and personal friends, hence my cell door is constantly closed, as I do not believe in sympathizing with a man through iron bars.

S. G.—I hope you don't think hard of me, Mr. Train, for my action in this matter?

EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.

Mr. Train.—Why should I? If the officials and the Government and the people are sane, I certainly am a lunatic, for I have the misfortune of being almost alone. Take a seat, Judge, in that chair, and, General, sit there on the bed; and let me say I have been insane on many occasions.

1. In introducing, in 1859, horse railways into Europe, ten years before they became general.

2. In defending the Union against all Secession England in 1860.

3. In accepting no present or public office or reward when I came back in 1862 for having been a patriot, when treason would have secured my street railways in London.

4. In breaking ground on the Union Pacific at Omaha, Dec. 2, 1863; making a speech that the road should be finished before 1870. (I was the first over it to San Francisco in May '69.)

5. In founding the Credit Mobilier in '64 to develop American industry.

6. In purchasing 5,000 lots in Omaha in 1865.

7. In assuming by holding 1,088 mass meetings or conventions, that the people had anything to do with the election of the President.

8. In stating in a speech on the Stock Exchange in 1866, that the specie-paying gold-system of Grant, would bankrupt the country, as nothing but greenbacks would give the people prosperity and high wages.

9. In defending or bailing two women who had robbed no bank, or committed no murder, from being railroaded to Sing Sing without a fair trial, and facing forty millions of cowards, five weeks in the single-handed battle, till I got them at liberty and get into jail in their place.

10. In pleading guilty to the charge of obscenity in quoting three columns, word for word, from the bible, which was the truth; to have plead not guilty to the charge of obscenity would have been falsehood. Judge Dowling (here Mr. Train interrogatively turned to the Judge,) decided that there was nothing in the *Train Ligue* that would justify Captain Al-la-ire in arresting the newsboys, and the Judge quoted Othello (see report in *Sun*) to show Shakespeare used the same words.

Judge Dowling.—Mr. Train has stated the facts as reported.
Mr. Train.—All these points are direct evidences of insanity, but the culminating act is in my persistence in remaining here, a free man, to walking the street as a suspected convict.

Surgeon General.—What has been done with the *Train Ligue*?

Mr. Train.—It was suppressed at the time of the arrest by the Government. Last week Nichols, the photographer, was offered—who was imprisoned for selling it, and who made those sketches you see on the wall—twenty-five dollars for a single copy.

THE COMING DICTATOR.

Surgeon General.—Why do you talk so about the Dictatorship?

Mr. Train.—Because I believe it. They say all men are mad on some point. Alderman Starr who came to see me today with the Warden, reminded me that they thought me mad when in July last I stated that the Liberal Republican candidate would not carry a single State. It turned out as I predicted; and yet many thought my speeches insane.

Surgeon General.—How can you get the country out of the scrape you say we are in, Mr. Train?

HOW TO SAVE THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Train.—By abolishing specie payments immediately, and carrying out the Republican Platform of 1864 and Thad. Stevens' policy of greenbacks or a currency for rich and poor alike. That bursts the balloon of paying in gold when there is not one hundred millions in the country! A paper currency is a wall round the nation—a gigantic dike against foreign manufactures. We import five hundred millions a year. Ten years is five thousand millions. Four thousand five hundred of this is labor. Hence we pay every five years an amount equal to our entire national debt to England's pauper labor, thereby robbing our own workmen and keeping them on a chronic strike.

THE CABINET CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

Judge Dowling.—What will they do in this Cabinet crisis in England, Mr. Train?

Mr. Train.—Gladstone will hold over. Disraeli, sub rosa, is with him. 'Tis a put up job of the Jews and the Catholics against the Protestants. G. and D. are both bankrupt financially, and are both Republicans and Revolutionists hating the aristocracy that snubs them and humiliates them. They bide their time. In a parliament of 654 members three majority will let Gladstone govern until the time comes for dissolution, and then either Gladstone or Disraeli will crush the Lords between two mill stones, the Crown and the People.

The Surgeon General here turned the subject again upon

the Presidency—the Dictatorship—the impending revolution, when Mr. Train again, as before, struck out, to the astonishment of his visitors, as to what he says he sees ahead.

MR. TRAIN'S CASE, AS EXPLAINED BY HIMSELF.

Mr. Train.—As the *Sun* remarked, the Government have bought a white elephant, and Barnum won't take it off their hands.

1. Pleading "guilty" to quoting the Bible invokes the necessity of sentencing Christianity, and sending me to Sing Sing corners the Bible.

2. Remanding me to the Tombs, and keeping me here like a felon three months without accusation, examination, trial or in any way hearing from the District Attorney corners the law.

3. The silence of the press on the suppression of the *Train Ligue* corners independent journalism!

4. My life being pure, no blemish on my character, corners society.

Hence the Government and its church backers, seeing the fearful mistake made tried every available means to get me out.

1. A rush to bail me from people I did not know, except that they had their object.

2. A threat indirectly, through relations, of Bloomingdale to save disgrace of striped clothes and shaved head.

3. Both these failing, a rumored attempt to break up my family relations—to save the shame of having a Pagan in an aristocratic Catholic and Episcopalian household.

4. None of these attempts succeeding, my private lawyers are interviewed, and send me word that I can come out on my own recognizance.

5. This being declined, and my success in calling attention to the Tombs, having in thirty days had it more discussed through my epigrams than ever before in thirty years, there was but one thing left—that was your Commission, Doctor.

Not to really send me to an asylum, but to start the mad-dog cry, and consequently your action was telegraphed all over America that night and cable-grammed to Europe. The charge of obscenity they thought would damage me. Then the disgrace of the Tombs would disgrace me; but both failing, the lunacy accusation would surely destroy me among the people, when you should know, Doctor, if I am right, the more the persecution the greater the victory. If wrong, I deserve the punishment my guilt warrants.

NO MORE VISITORS IN THE TOMBS.

The audience was over three-quarters of an hour, and this is a mere sketch of the conversation. Mr. Train remarking when shaking hands with the Surgeon General and Judge Dowling and party, that the stream of visitors was so great that the Commissioners have given orders that no more are to be allowed in the Tombs for a week. Is it on account of Foster? Perhaps, but why not the same when Stokes was sentenced.

SOME PLAIN CONVERSATION.

We also obtained Mr. Train's letter to Warden Johnson:

CELL 56, 8 P. M.,

WEDNESDAY, March 19, 1873.

THE SUPPRESSION OF A TELEGRAM TO THE GOVERNOR.

To Warden Johnson—the Tombs:

I have just heard with astonishment that my dispatch, Sunday night, to General Dix, regarding the coming judicial murder of Foster in the face of the jury's sworn affidavit, was taken away from the messenger (the newsman). Not having been sentenced (or for that matter even tried, or even examined as to why I have been kept here three months in a felon's cell), may I ask by what authority you suppress a telegram of mine to the Governor of the State? I have shown you repeated courtesy (and have no reason to complain of your kindness except in the two instances which I mention in this note) as an old acquaintance, by admitting to my cell (at your request, when I see no one) several deputations from the Legislature, the Aldermen, Common Council and Board of Health; yet, notwithstanding this, a Government Commission of Lunacy, appointed by District Attorney Phelps, an official body for an infamous object (as seen by placing between the alleged murderers), you brought into my cell as some medical friends of yours, while they were really assassins under the garb of gentlemen, to steal my reputation and filch from me that which is more precious than life—the only thing that raises a man above the brute creation—the mind!

I can understand why wives are not allowed to see their husbands in their cells, although they may be going abroad. I can understand that no prisoner, tried or untried, is allowed to breathe a breath of fresh air (although compelled to take two hours' exercise in the yard in all foreign jails). I can understand why drunkards and maniacs are sent here to howl all night and torture four hundred uncommitted, untried men, by preventing them from sleep. I can understand why no visitors are admitted to the Tombs Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday and Sundays, the only days the poor can spare the time to see their friends and relations in trouble.

I can understand why there is no steam in the pipes or means of heating the cells, though thermometer is below zero! I can understand why the water-pipes are allowed to overflow, and vault and croton running into each other send their fatal effusion through this living graveyard. I can understand why three, four, and sometimes five prisoners are crowded into a cell intended for one prisoner only. I can understand why the walls are so damp and the stench so unbearable. I can understand why the windows at the ends of the corridor or the sky-lights over-head are never open, and why prisoners are sent to the basement cells, where suffocation sometimes takes place in a few hours. All these things I can understand arise through the fault of the law, the lack of accommodation, the ignorance of the Commissioners of the Laws of Ventilation and Hygienes and the negligence of the keepers and officers of the prison. May I also ask if your institution covers the suppression of telegraphic dispatches to the Executive of the State and the introduction surreptitiously of official Commissioners of Lunacy into the

cells of the prisoners, under the guise of the friends of the Warden, without notifying them of the object of the interview.

I write you this, Johnson, as an old friend in all good feeling, and I wish a candid answer.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Of unsound mind, tho. harmless.

DECLINES TO SEE ANY REPORTERS OR VISITORS.

P. S.—That no further mistake of this nature may occur, may I ask you to say to the keepers that I wish to see no one (and not even those whom it has taken thirteen weeks to discover that I have been illegally incarcerated in a pest-house) but personal friends admitted by sending their card. I wish to see no reporters!—newspapers that allow human beings to be incarcerated for months without trial, and prisoners to die like dogs (without a line of comment), have lost their power with the people, and will have to render up an account of their stewardship when the slaves are emancipated from the rings that own them.

THE COMMISSION INDORSE MR. TRAIN'S ASSERTION IN THE SUN.

The best evidence that my statements of the terrible fatality in this dismal swamp is the report to-day of the official inspection of Alderman Morris, Lysaght, General Sewell, Mr. El. Webb, the senior builder; Mr. Fowle, the engineer, and Mr. Young, that the Tombs should be demolished as an unhealthy abode for prisoners, and a new jail should be erected.

And how does it happen that thirty years of official murder has gone on in the Tombs and every body satisfied until "a prison of unsound mind, though harmless," commenced ringing the alarm bells? G. F. T.

Reporter.—Have you seen the Warden regarding this matter?

Mr. Train.—Yes. He came in the moment he received the letter to say that it was evidently a mistake about the telegram, and thinks it must have gone in the box with the letters; as for General Hammond and the Commission, they informed me that they came officially to examine Bleakley and Leary, and I took them to the cells. Your name came up and they wanted to know if I would see visitors, and I never for a moment suspected that it was an official Commission until some way along in the conversation. The Warden wished it distinctly understood that he knew nothing whatever of their object.

This was the suppressed dispatch to Governor Dix:

CELL 56, THE TOMBS,
Sunday, March 16, 1873.

To Major-General Dix, Governor of New York, Albany:

On behalf of the people in the interest of the religion of humanity, I protest against the Christian murder of Foster on Friday.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(The advocate of abolishing Capital Punishment and substituting imprisonment for life instead).

Mr. Train sent the Governor another telegram to-day which was not suppressed:

THE TOMBS, CELL 56, March 18.

To Major-General Dix, Albany:

If this Judicial murder is committed on the brutal demands of the Herald in the face of the jury's sworn affidavit, I make the prediction that you will die a natural death before the end of a year.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Of unsound mind, though harmless.

A SHARP CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE OUTRAGERS AND THE OUTRAGED, SOMEBODY CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

The following caustic letters have not as yet been heard from:

A BOMBHELL INTO THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

CELL 56, THE TOMBS, March 20, 1873.

To Surgeon-General Hammond and the Board De Lunatico Enquirendo, New York:

Prisoners are entitled under the rules to the privacy of their cells, hence my door is closed against intruders unless specially introduced as friends of the Warden, as in your case. The Warden informs me that you came to examine Bleakley and Leary, the alleged murderers, and that he was entirely innocent of such object, otherwise he would have notified me. I learn with surprise that under the garb of friendship you obtained access by official order for an infamous purpose, disgraceful to the Government and District-Attorney Phelps, and dishonorable to you as a gentleman.

SOME VERY PLAIN QUESTIONS.

Is it true that you came in an official capacity? If so, I call upon Warden Johnson who was present at the first interview and Judge Dowling who was witness to the second visit as to my conduct and sanity on these occasions. If true, I shall immediately instruct my counsel to prosecute you for heavy damages, for a man's mind in these days is of more importance to him than life or fortune.

I have made law a study for years, hence as my own counsel, I have placed the Government in a very embarrassing position. If you have made a mistake, nothing can shield you.

No bloodhound on the scent or Indian on the trail is surer of his game when I get my fingers on the jugular of a great enemy. The press report telegraphed and cable-grammed all over the world (for effect), makes you call me "a coward (timid man) of unsound mind, though harmless." A BULLET CRASHING THROUGH YOUR BRAIN SOME DAY, ON YOUR OWN ALLEGED statement of "Emotional Insanity," would justify any jury in acquitting me of homicide. If the statement is false, I demand a public denial and apologize to you for the suspicion that you could so disgrace your high position.

The courier will wait for an answer.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
(Illegally incarcerated three months in the Tombs).

A BROADSIDE INTO THE LEGAL RINGS.

LETTER TO THE DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

CELL 56, THE TOMBS,
March 20, 1873.

To District-Attorney Phelps, New York:

ACTING UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.

May I ask in all courtesy if the report telegraphed far and wide that the Government through you appointed a Commission of Lunacy (Board de Lunatico Enquirendo) to enter my cell surreptitiously and examine me as to my sanity is true?

Surgeon-General Hammond and Committee of Doctors have twice visited me as friends of the warden, making no sign that they came in an official capacity. If false, will you do me the courtesy of publicly so stating? If true, permit me to ask, as we are not personally acquainted, and I have never addressed you Re my incarceration, never having a trial or even an examination, although in close confinement three months in the Tombs for an alleged crime not even set forth in the indictment (!) by what authority you issue such an order?

I wish as early an answer as possible, so that I can instruct my counsel how to act, as your official position cannot protect you from private right. The State, however corrupt, cannot outrage the citizen without Revolution. It has taken three months in the face of the most infamous denials of the subsidized press to make the authorities admit "The Tombs is not fit for human habitation!" In 1798 the French changed centuries of despotism in three days!

THE MURDERS IN THE TOMBS.

The moment my sanity is unquestioned I shall (in the name and for the benefit of the victims, the wives, children and relations of the murdered men Harold, Baum and scores of others) on the base of this Commission published to-day that the Tombs is a living graveyard (thereby admitting the culpability of the attaches), have actions brought against the city for these cold-blooded acts of official murder, and I hereby notify you that there are men now dying in these cells by slow degrees for want of exercise in the open air.

My messenger will await your reply.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

"A coward of unsound mind, though harmless."

(These are the words alleged in the report of your alleged Commission.)

THE COMMISSIONERS ADMIT THE ACCURACY OF MR. TRAIN'S STATEMENTS.

This was the conversation that took place between Mr. Train and Commissioner Bell the day previous to the official report that the Tombs should be demolished as an unfit place for human life. The interview was in the presence of the Reporter (Mr. Lane or Mr. Greene) of the New York Sun, who has done more to show up this Chamber of Horrors than all the newspaper men in the city; Mr. Train talking with Mr. Bell through the iron gratings of his cell.

Mr. Train.—I wish to ask you three or four plain questions regarding the Tombs, believing, on your honor as a gentleman, you will give me, for old acquaintance, sake a candid reply.

Mr. Bell.—Certainly, Mr. Train; I will explain anything I can, and frankly, too.

Mr. Train.—You have horses; would you put even a cart-horse—say nothing of the race-horse breed—in a place as damp and cold and unventilated as these cells?

Mr. Bell.—Certainly not. I have always said that the dampness from stone walls, swampy ground and defective drainage made it too unhealthy for human habitation. No horses of mine would be put in such a place.

Mr. Train.—Would you put your dogs in such a death-pit?

Mr. Bell.—No; with Bergh staring me in the face I would not be so inhuman. The Tombs was badly constructed and unfit for use, and I have repeatedly asked the authorities to remedy the terrible evils of the place.

Mr. Train.—You say your cellar is heated by steam. Providing the steam was shut off and the thermometer below zero, would you put a barn-yard fowl or a house cat in such a place over night, Mr. Bell?

Mr. Bell.—No; I answer all your plain questions without evasion. I would not place a horse, a dog or a cat, on the ground of cruelty to animals, where they would undergo such quarters.

Mr. Train.—Yet, Mr. Bell, while admitting these startling facts, all of which are borne out by the Commission that I have forced the city to appoint, in their report to-day, you have gone on for years seeing these poor men tortured and absolutely murdered, while you say it was not fit for men to live here; while untenable for the animals of your stable and your hog-pen, you have thrown between four and five hundred human beings into less than one hundred and fifty cells, where they have been left to die. (Here the conversation was interrupted, Mr. Train getting more and more excited, by a messenger calling Mr. Bell away.)

The official report published in all the journals corroborates the wildest of Mr. Train's assertions. His victory is in proportion to the single-handed bravery of the battle.

THIRTEEN WEEKS UNDER TORTURE.

The Impeachment of the New York Press.

Who is responsible for the Murders in the Tombs, since Mr. Train sounded the alarm at the time of his arrest.

All the papers denied his assertions.

The World, Tribune, Times, Herald, Post, Express, Mail and Advertiser, all silent, and on the ninety-first day under torture—The Board of Health and Commission of Aldermen report the Tombs Unfit for Human Habitation—See column report in all papers.

Our Reporter asked Mr. Train if he did not notify the people immediately on his incarceration? Yes, before, I sent the

telegram to the New York Times when I was astonished to find Col. Blood in a Black Hole at Jefferson Market, in close confinement and without exercise:

THE TELEGRAM.

[From Train Ligue, No. 1, Ex. Letter to V. C. W.—Representing One Thousand Million Pagans.]

In order to test the question whether it would be possible to make any complaint against the powers that be through the independent press of New York, I telegraphed this to the great Reform paper.

TELEGRAM.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Nov. 10.

Editor Times, New York—Prisoners in Jefferson Market Jail are incarcerated twenty-four hours a-day in a close cell without exercise, a kind of torture not known in foreign lands.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Of course the Times was silent.

My horror at this unheard-of brutality to Col. Blood, and of course to all prisoners in station-houses, set me to work at once to find a remedy. Here is the note read in court. Three times I handed it to Mr. Howe, who did not read it. Then at last he gave it to Judge Mackinley who read it to the Judge without comment.

[From Train Ligue, Ex. letter to V. C. W.]

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

This is the note you wrote for, which I handed to the lawyer to be read to the Judge:

"Mr. Howe.—Mr. Blood is incarcerated in a cell twenty-four hours in the day without exercise. I have been in a dozen different Bastilles in many lands, and no such outrage would be permitted for an instant. All foreign prisons compel (not permit) two hours a day exercise in the open air. This fearful discovery which I made while visiting Col. Blood to-day, is a disgrace to American humanity. G. F. T."

You remember the Judge remarked that he believed Mr. Train had made a fair statement, and he was sorry to admit that it was the fault of the prison system. He said he would remedy the matter, if possible—of course the newspapers made no note of my complaint. You then alone seem to have the womanhood to expose the wrongs imposed upon the people.

I little thought then that I was to suffer a hundred days of a worse torture, never going outside my cell without taking the least interest in the matter.

Reporter.—Why did you not avail yourself of bail?

THE MYSTERY IN THE CATACOMBS.

Mr. Train.—Because I felt there was some terrible crime concealed here. I am so intuitive, that from the putridity of the stifled air I felt there were, nightly, murders going on. There was a sense of deadness about the place; some strange mystery, and I am not yet at the bottom of it. The New York Sun came out boldly and nobly 23d, 24th and 25th of December, a column each day, cutting out, of course, all religious and political allusions in my epigrams, and then Dana shut down as though he was shot, and, editorially, has never mentioned this affair of mine.

Reporter.—But the Sun seems the only paper that has noticed you at all?

Mr. Train.—I said editorially, not reportorially. Dana wished to make his case in Credit Mobilier. He knew I had the facts. Hence, all that came out at Washington only came through my suggestion to Dana. He was obliged, with facts staring him in the face, to report them, but that was after ninety days of torture! He inserted three short epigrams in one week and the work was done. Down go the Tombs. You will see nothing more in the Sun on Train. I have shut down against all reporters, the Sun included; but make my acknowledgment to Mr. Austin, Mr. Green, the night-editor, and Mr. Lane, who have all taken a great interest in these poor wretches dying in the dungeons. I shall always be glad to see these gentlemen, but not as reporters. I wrote Dana a private note saying I was astonished that he had not been here himself to see this astonishing cruelty. I do not know the mystery that hangs about the Sun. They want to do right, but their moral cowardice is shameful. They, like all the press, are controlled by religious and party rings. Dana, however, is every inch a man, although he went back on me for the Presidency. The suppressed interview will soon be published!

HOWARD'S THE ONLY PAPER BESIDES THE WEEKLY THAT NOTICES THE OUTRAGE.

Reporter.—The New York Star seems to stand by you, Mr. Train.

Mr. Train.—Howard is a man, but he is too tied up. I will give him this credit. He bottled up his disgust at the outrage for ninety days, and said nothing until this infamous attempt of the Commission De Lunatico Enquirendo, when he broke ground in earnest, and I have no doubt it had its effect. But let us go back to first principles. He sent his reporter, Mr. McDonnell (I have the reporter's letters) the morning after the attempt to burn down the Tombs in the Centre-street fire, Xmas night, asking me for my epigram on the fire. Nichols gave it him, but it was never published.

Reporter.—Have you the epigram, Mr. Train?

Mr. Train.—Yes; I will try and find it for you. Nichols became alarmed as well as all in the Tombs to see the cinders all blowing through the gratings.

This is the epigram, published for the first time in the WEEKLY:

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN SURROUNDED BY FIRE

STARTLING EPIGRAM.

THE TOMBS ON FIRE.

Written Christmas Eve, 1872, during the time the cinders were falling on the Bastille, twelve murderers alongside of my cell. This was the great Centre-street conflagration where the poor servant girls were left in the rubbish for several days until Judge Dowling earned the thanks

of thousands by heading a private subscription list to dig them out, but not until the International, with *La Commune*, came to the rescue.
—G. F. T.

We murderers are sleeping around,
Our dead is rotting in the ground;
"Lo! from the Tombs a doleful sound—"
FIRE!! FIRE!! Fire!

Cramp! Stamp! Tramp!
Society likes a scamp—
Ball, powder and knife,
What is a human life!

O! we're such a jovial crowd,
Wrapped in deep funeral shroud,
Hark! what are those shrieks so loud,
FIRE! FIRE! Fire!

Having no friends to care and grieve,
Deep was my sleep this Christmas eve.
I wept and slept in a startled dream,
Choking to death with heat and steam,
When came this yell from every cell,
As if the devils were caucusing hell—
"The Tombs is on fire! Ring the bell!"

While thousands are whirling at Xmas balls,
Within dungeon doors and three-foot walls,
As the flames light up the wintry sky,
Through the Bastille comes this piercing cry—
"O God! have they left us here to die?"

All we can see through our small, dead light
Are the firemen in the fire-fend fight;
Like an army of demons battling the night,
While the pent-up prisoners prayed and swore,
"Sailor! For Christ's sake open the door!"

The din outside grows higher and higher;
The engines are all around the jail;
No wonder the prisoners look so pale
With scores of voices with fierce desire,
Yelling wildly, "Keeper, where now is the fire?"

"In the woman's laundry!" Oh, that terrible moan,
What a fearful thing is a dying groan!
Those hotel servant girls roasted alive
Or the Bengal Black hole under Lord Clive
Would be nothing where death was taking the tolls
For burning in prison some five hundred souls!
Hissing and steaming,
Praying and cursing,
Pounding the door and screaming out Fire!
Pumping and thumping,
Rub-a-dub, dub;
What a terrible end for our Murderer's Club!

Good-bye! proud world, good-bye!
I'm tired of life, so let me die,
In this carnival of Christmas glee
Not a loving soul remembers me!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
(Burnt and buried in the Tombs.)

THE SUPPRESSION IN THE NEW YORK STAR OF THE MURDERS.

Reporter.—Did you ever write out any statement regarding the condition of the Tombs?

Mr. Train.—No; I saw that the press was all subsidized—that there was no way of reaching the public—that the editors were a part of all the rings that were robbing the people. The *Star* reporter wrote me a private note day after Xmas to say that any statement I wish to make would be published. I hastily wrote a short account of what I noticed, gave to him, and it not only was not published, but, although I sent repeatedly to the office, I never was able to get it back for over six weeks.

Reporter.—Have you that statement now, Mr. Train?

Mr. Train.—I think so, somewhere among that pile of letters, or at least a part of it. I never got back the whole, and a letter from Meredith Moore, President Bricklayer's Association, on behalf of 150,000 bricklayers—an important communication—never came back at all. The suppression of this statement of death, all of which has been borne out by the official condemnation of the Tombs, is significant of the terrible corruption that exists when a man must be three months under torture before any headway could be made. This is the statement:

XMAS MORNING, Dec. 25, 1873.
A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

We live, that's all. The wind went the other way. Destroying again. The flames lapped the jail; but fate follows me to the end. Railway accidents always before and after I pass. Steamships sunk the next voyage. Bullets, knives, poison have not accomplished assassination; plague, pestilence, flood, accident find me fire-proof. Would it not seem strange that my fate may have saved three hundred and fifty lives? While the wild animals were burning to death at Barnum's, the tame animals were saved at the Tombs. Had the wind veered one point, had the gale increased, no earthly power could have saved us! The wooden roof, the glass casing, like Talmadge's church and the circus, is a fire-trap. [The jailor just informs me that it takes him one hour at the quickest to unlock the cells.] In twenty minutes the "d-d scrub girls on a scare" in the Fifth Avenue Laundry were dead. Nobody to blame.

THE TWEED RING BURNING DOWN THE JAIL.

How does it happen that the fire originated in Tweed's old printing office, unless he intended to burn down the Tombs? In less than half an hour every man of us would have been roasted or suffocated. We are murderers, thieves and blasphemers; but we are not yet convicted, not proved guilty under the law. Had the flame caught the roofing of the Tombs the glass cover would have fallen immediately, killing the jailers instantly or rendering them powerless by suffocation to unlock any of the cells.

THE COMMISSION OF INFAMY.

The Spanish Inquisition, the English Star Chamber, the French Guillotine, the Russian Knout, the Austrian Dungeon are overshadowed by the infernal torture of these damned Tammany inspectors; they eat, drink, sleep and steal with Tweed. Is it their intention to torture us beforehand? After being found guilty, the State prisons in every

State are neat, comfortable and well provided in food and ventilation compared to this pest morgue. Why are we treated thus in station-houses, county and city jails, when under arrest on suspicion of crime?

The epigrams in the *Sun* have done something. The prisoners were allowed two hours exercise to-day in the stinking corridors of the jail, but not as in other lands in the open air. And for the first time this year the prisoners had turkey and chicken for dinner; but it was a Xmas gift.

But that will not save you, my boys. They admit that two or three people die a week, and they are tumbled into the Potter's field! No questions asked.

*Murder will out, they say,
Prove it if you can,
Let the preachers pray,
But kill your man!*

[It is out at last, but it has taken three months to find it.—*ED. WEEKLY.*]

Why is there no gas in the great prison of the city? Does not the city own the gas works? Is there more money made in selling candles and lamps and kerosene. Why no steam in the heating pipes for three years? Money was voted for it.

THE FAVORITES OF TAMMANY ALWAYS IN CLOVER.

How is it that Haggerty and Balch, the Voucher Thieves, were never looked in their rooms and dined with the keeper's family by special orders of Tweed? How is it that Charley Moore, the Emigrant Swindler, and James Brady, the Tammany Prize Fighter, lived like fighting cocks, were allowed to exercise, while Mr. Nichols and myself are locked in our cells twenty-three hours in the day, as though convicted of the most terrible crimes! Will Messrs. Bowen, Nicholson, Frear, Brennan and Bell explain why it was necessary to have the indorsement of Tweed before Assemblyman Burns could get an employe admitted at the Tombs? Is Tweed still all powerful? Is the new Republican ring simply old Tammany thieves? Why are maniacs allowed to howl all night long instead of being taken to the asylum? Is it to make us mad? To-day I had a two-inch hole broke through the dead light—and what a luxury.

*The worship of a PAGAN prayer,
Is Sun, Water, Earth and Air;
The CHRISTIAN builds the stifled pen,
To freeze and starve his fellow-men!*

This is the first breath of fresh air I have had since Saturday, and I am very grateful, and will make no more complaints for myself but will work for others. A week more and the poison of the water-closet, the malaria of the long-neglected drains would have done their work. Only two a week die now, they say; but how is it that a dead man goes out every morning, sold for fifteen dollars to the medical students, and never reported? Our little three-foot bed is crowded. How then can two more be packed in these stinking cells? Does the third man sleep in the vault; the fourth on the cold stone floor? It is a lie to say that Stokes has an elegant room. His walls are damper than mine. The bilgewater several times has dripped all over him from the ceiling. Some are stagnant pools. Think of having no air, but that injected through a five-inch hole, which already was death to inhale, as the windows are not opened in the main corridors once a month! The Commissioners should be indicted. Bergh takes better care of the omnibus horses than this swindling ring does of human lives. Think of it! Not a particle of fire in the cells, or heat or steam for three years, and yet the pipes run through every cell. Citizens outside come and see how it is yourself. Your cellars would be palace chambers. The stalls in your stables would be elegant bed-chambers. The kennels were you keep your dogs would be a gala day for us poor incarcerated wretches. Were ye not, ye outsiders, the most cowardly curs in the world, you would send a committee of citizens to investigate these terrible charges.

ANOTHER DEAD MAN CARTED OFF TO-DAY.

*Damn his soul! Strangle him! Stifle his noise!
"One corpse a day is the regular rule."
"Another fifteen dollars from the dissecting boys!"
"We must stand by our contract with the medical school!"*

OUR WATER-CLOSET CROTON TASTES LIKE CONGRESS WATER!

The Reformers are worse than their old ring associates. Hank Smith is only the fool of Tweed. The Inspectors say, from their aristocratic stand-point, that, convicted or not convicted, a thief is on the same footing as a gentleman. I believe it, so far as it applies to the Commissioners. Scanlan just informs me that he has positive evidence that I was elected to Congress against both Greeley and Morrissey, when, in '68, I was in the Irish Bastille, but counted out of the ring. When a man is arrested for a charge like mine, in Europe, from eight in the morning until eight at night his cell is open, having full swing inside the prison walls for exercise. I believe it is so now at Ludlow Jail; at any rate Woodhull and Claflin and Blood were not locked in.

FORCING ANY VENTILATION AS A REFORMER.

Later.—Having been forty-eight hours in my cell, I avail myself of the thirty minutes liberty allowed to walk. The promenade corridor atmosphere was stifling. The skylights, ventilators or windows had not been open for ages. I introduced mob law and opened a window. It was a new sensation. But the cold was so intense the prisoners hinted to close it; but I kept it open for five minutes and then they cheered. These windows should be open every day before exercise hour. I wish the Inspectors could be forced to breathe the air and eat this food for one week

*The ring, to make its election sure,
Insults the wretched, starves the poor!
These Inspectors a ghost would rob;
Stop thief! Hear the widow's and orphan's sob.*

I awoke this morning to find my bed covered with snow through the little two-inch hole in my dead light; but I prefer the cold to inhaling small pox, fever and the common sewer of the jail not cleansed for a quarter of a century. Why is not some of the stolen money recovered for a new city prison built with modern improvements? I am afraid to drink the water in the pipe, it is so close to the water-closet drain,

and sometimes lumps of dirt come through that look very suspicious.

Since the swindling Tammany crew,
Laid Justice on the shelf;
"What are you going to do?"
You know how it is yourself.

Out of one million citizens are there none brave enough to form a Bergh committee on Christian cruelty to animals.

For shame, ye slaves! ye paltrons!
A brave man in jail is nobler than a mongrel outside!
I would rather be a live convict than a dead freeman.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Under torture by the Tweed Commissioners in the Tombs.
CELL 56, Xmas, Dec. 25, 1872.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN IN THE EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

[The original MSS before mutilation by Croly June in the *Graphic*.]

A Startling Epigram.

The Night Before the Judicial Murder.

Two Homicides in the Catacombs of Death.

A Rebuke to the People.

A Great Card for Eli Perkins.

A Lunatic Yelling all Night Long for Some One to Cut His Throat Opposite Foster's Cell the Night Before Execution.

General Dix Severely Criticised by His Old Friend.

The Moral of the Murder.

District-Attorney Phelps and General Hammond Under Epigram Torture.

Eli Perkins on the Coming Dictator.

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, March 20, 1873.

"GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, IN THE TOMBS:

"Dr. Hammond says you are insane. I want you to write something on Foster and passing events in the Tombs, to show people that you are not. Please send me a sane reply in epigram to show them, and let the people be their own judges.
ELI PERKINS."

THE COMING DICTATORS.

EPIGRAM REPLY.

[Written the night before the execution of Foster.]

Bless the People! a race of curs
Not worth the shucks or chestnut burrs;
A People silent when their chief
Is Bastiled like a low-born thief;
For their good or evil will what care I?
The mongrel pack that lets the bloodhound die!
I scorn to explain to fools and knaves
Who allow the Rings to make them slaves!

And so you are at your jokes again—
They call me mad while you are sane.
You ask reply in epigram
That would prove my madness sham.
Your caustic pen is most to blame;
'Twas you who first called me insane.
With immense audiences everywhere,
Insane experts should all beware.
In lecture field all through the West
You know that I'm a welcome guest.
Take care, young man, don't court the strife,
I always mark my men for life.
So stop your jokes and dry up your lies,
I forgive you, now you apologize.

Bright is your future, so clear the field,
Let Nasby, Mark Twain and Billing yield
The belt to Eli Perkins, since all accord
In satire you discount Artemus Ward.
But have a care! the cricket on the hearth
Can never chirp for those who cross my path!
You grow in power, as you grow wiser
In wider range than *Advertiser*;
Your *Graphic* "shovel-off" letters
Herald's fame and breaks your fetters.

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER.

Foster already has entered hell—
A maniac in the padded cell
Bares and shrieks to cut his throat,
For death is life's sweet antidote!
Poor wretches! one dies on the morrow,
The other to-night would end his sorrow.
"A drink of water from nature's cup,
"A single glass for a wretch hard up!"
"Oh give me a grasp from a friendly hand
While dying in the Tombs I stand;
"Starving with thirst, freezing with cold,
"While my hair grows gray and my face grows old.
"A leaf! a straw! in current strong;
"A waif! a shrub! in stream swept along."
And now again the poor wretch yells,
And fights the demons in the cells.
Can Foster spend his night in prayer
With these wild shrieks from madmen there?
Hark! what's that? They struggle! A chill
Comes over me! Hark! All is still!
Another murder! I give the warning;
You'll find two dead men in the morning.
Both will be murdered to save the nation,
One by rope! the other, suffocation!
Two murdered men by the Church and State
Ere another night as sure as fate;
One's name the press and wires will own,
The other will never more be known.
With daily murder in the padded cell,
How strange on Foster all the world should dwell!

DIX COMMITS LEGAL MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

The Bible says, Thou shalt not kill,
Yet Church poor Foster's blood must spill;
The Governor is in a pretty fix
Between the *Herald* and ***
Hang him! Strangle him! To please his ***
He sacrifices a human life!
His Roman firmness becomes Roman crime,
That damns the General through all time.
A safe precedent on which to stand
Was *Hoffman* commuting *Owen* Hand!
Foster killed Putnam when drunk and insane;
Dix kills Foster sober! Who's most to blame?
This one-man power our nature hardens,
We want at once a *Court of Pardons*.
Far better Reverend Stephen Tyng
Than General Dix or Grant for King!
On second thought, there's one step greater,
'Twas King I said, but not Dictator.
When the fire breaks out from Murderer's Row,
The *New York Herald* may be the first to go!
Foster must die! No matter what his lot,
My order is to hang him on the spot!"

A NOBLE WOMAN AND A LOVING WIFE.

What a noble woman! said Stokes to me.
But when she saw the gallows tree
Did you hear her shriek near his door,
And, fainting, drop upon the floor?
That stricken wife, I feel for her,
His sands of life are almost run;
"I did not mean to kill him, sir."
Poor Foster! He was mad with rum!
Moral: Unless exception to the rule,
Should we ever visit Tyng's Sunday School?
Those who see the murder without protest
Are just as guilty as the rest;
And Dix's mission is ended here—
He'll follow Foster within the year!
All honest men can but agree
'Tis murder in the first degree!
General Dix will have his way,
"Black Friday"—we must mark the day.
But when all is over, his harsh argument
Will abolish capital punishment!
I don't like Dix the King, but Dix the Man
Is a Gentleman! Deny it who can.

THE MORAL OF THE MURDER.

Suppose a moment now is spent
In looking through this argument.
The priest promises his life to save.
Even while standing at the grave!
Tyng says that God pardons the man;
What right has Dix to break the span
That holds together Foster's life?
To shame his children and his wife!
How dare he force him beneath the sod,
When pastor swears he's pardoned by God?
Why is telegram to Brennan sent,
If God will forgive all who repent?
Church said theatre was carnal place
And Lincoln was murdered through God's grace.
If God was pleased, admit the truth,
We ought to give three cheers for Booth!
Yet three men and Madam Surratt,
To please God did not agree to that,
So with blessings for War, curses for Peace,
The Bible is used your money to fleece.

"UNSOOUND MIND, THOUGH HARMLESS."

The Hammond-Roberts-Cross experts
Will give us all the law's deserts.
Oh, God! We offer up Thee praise—
Life in the Tombs for ninety days
Will shatter off the strongest brain,
And drive the sanest man insane.
Thank you! District-Attorney Phelps,
And all your Ring-bound legal whelps!
Thank you! for stealing in my jail
To threaten me with *Bloomingdale*!

THE DOWNFALL OF THE TOMBS.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The panel-thief, the drunken fight!
The Tombs is dying out in fright.
Take out the corpse and let it die!
Ring out the rot, ring in the dry.
Shout! ye convicts in Murderer's Row,
The Tombs has received its dying blow!
Ring out the pest, the damning lie—
Give us this day our daily bread.
Ring in the live! Ring out the dead!
A parting word! Hammond calls me insane!
Hence, if a bullet crashes through his brain,
The jury's verdict of humanity
Would be, "Emotional Insanity."

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
(Of unsound mind, though harmless,)
President Murderers' Club.

THE TOMBS, Cell 56, Murderers' Row, March 20, 1873. (Fourteenth week.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

One Hundred Days Under Torture in the Tombs.

An Epigram Test of Non Compos Mentis Before being Forced
into a Lunatic Asylum for Quoting the Bible.

The Murder of Foster by General Dix and the New York
Herald.

Startling Suggestions on the Abolishing of Capital Punish-
ment.

The Poison, the Mock Prayer, and the Hanging of a Corpse.

Did the Church Furnish the Drug to Save the Sunday School
Dishonor?

The Post Mortem Child.

Fourteen Weeks in Solitary Confinement as a Bible Martyr.

Notwithstanding Mr. Train had kindly opened the iron
wicket to look out at our reporter and recorded an interview

which we short-handed for the WEEKLY, he called again to
see if the report was true that he was to be immediately rail-
roaded to the asylum. Although Warden Johnson said Mr.
Train's orders were peremptory not to admit reporters, we
showed him a card which opened the way. Our reporter
found Mr. Train much reduced in flesh, very pale and care-
worn, his flesh as feeble as an infant's, and his hair dangling
down his neck for want of a barber, but his voice and his
eyes had the same old touch of power and truth.

TO BE SENT TO THE ASYLUM THIS WEEK.

Reporter.—I have called, Mr. Train, by instructions, to see
if this is true.

"District-Attorney Phelps said this morning that he was
making preparations to have George Francis Train removed
from the Tombs to a lunatic asylum. Mr. Train will proba-
bly be lodged in new quarters by next Thursday."—*Graphic*,
March 22.

Mr. Train.—I have received no official advices, but indi-
rectly learn that it is. Surgeon-General Hammond and Dis-
trict-Attorney Phelps have not done me the courtesy to ac-
knowledge the receipt of my letters.

Reporter.—You don't look very well to-day. Are you
cold?

SINKING UNDER THE CONFINEMENT.

G. F. Train.—No, I am not well; and I am cold. Yester-
day I had a bad turn. Stokes came into my cell from his
walk in the open air, and the carbon was so strong he said he
must leave. I think it came from the vault, cold as it was.
I got Keeper Kilroy to break out that glass, and, oh! it was
such a relief to my aching head. Of course it is fearfully
cold blowing in upon me night and day, but I prefer it to the
foul air. Fourteen weeks is a long time to be in close con-
finement and not to see the sun and moon and stars and
sky, or hear the birds, or imbibe the pure air and the odor
of flowers. Go down in No. 34, where they kill men in one
night, and see if you can live there thirty minutes. Yester-
day two of the choir standing where you are during the ser-
vice fainted away. It is dreadful. Ask Pastors Heath and
Henderson.

Reporter.—Have you anything you wish to say, Mr. Train?
G. F. Train.—No; only to tell the people to forget me
while I live; but they cannot do so when I am dead.

Reporter.—What are you writing there, Mr. Train, if my
question is not thought intrusive.

G. F. Train.—An epigram reply to a jury of murderers *De*
Lunatico Enquirendo as a test question of *non compos mentis*.

Reporter.—We should like to publish it in the WEEKLY,
Mr. Train. Can you not let me have a copy?

G. F. Train.—I was just mailing it to the *Toledo Sun*, but
you are welcome to it, as it may be my last epigram before
the asylum.

LETTER FROM THE MURDERERS.

MURDERERS' ROW,
SUNDAY, March 23, 1873.

Dear Mr. Train:

We are sorry to lose you, but we feel that your close con-
finement will break you down. When you shut your cell
door Christmas Day against all the world, we little thought
you would be in that black hole over three months. The
Asylum will be better than the Tombs, but they dare not
keep you there long. Yesterday you remarked to * * *
that you wished we would organize a jury of twelve to test
your sanity, as a checkmate on Surgeon-General Hammond
and District-Attorney Phelps. We have done so; but be-
fore we decide we hereby ask you to write an epigram on
the Death of Foster. On receipt of same we will give you
our decision.

[Signed by twelve murderers whose names are withheld.]

EPIGRAM.

REPLY TO THE MURDERERS.

Dedicated to a nation of Damphools.

God bless our dead-beat nation,
The noblest freemen on the sod,
Killing each other for conciliation,
And hating each other for love of God.

THE BATTLE OF THE TOMBS—DIX'S WATERLOO.

Black Friday was a great Tomb's day in Zion,
While Dix hangs Foster, Grant pardons O'Brien.
Three cheers for murder! Dix has won;
The Church its bloody work has done!
Yes, Dix is the rising star.
Three cheers for the corpse! Hurrah!

Think of it! Foster, ungrateful dog,
Acting at last in a Christian fog;
After all Tyng's kind Sunday-school praise,
Tried to cheat God by ending his days.
It beats "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"
To witness such black ingratitude.
This comedy of the Christian sham
Would make a tragic Pagan damn.
Hail Methuselah! Not Ponce de Leon—
Not Roman Brutus, but Grecian Cleon.
Beat drums! Blow trumpets! The victim swoons.
Hail hero! "THE BATTLE OF THE TOMBS!"

Man, the crowning point in ascending scale,
Is strangled by God outside the jail.
Did the first-born mammalia die
On Christian gallows, through Christian lie?

THE OVERTURE—HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

'Tis a sad story. Suppose we relate
Its history from the earliest date:
Putnam, Mother and Daughter Duval—
Foster reeling home with street-car pal;
Insult, altercation, and threat profane
(The man was drunk, and of course insane).
The besotted talk, the vulgar look,
The sullen resolve, the "wire" car hook,
The stealthy and savage attack—
A dead man on the railroad track!
The arrest, and promise "not to squeal,"
The trial, silence and repeal;
The public clamor and the Christian yell
To send this Christian brother down to hell.
To please the morbid Christian asses,
Brennan issued six hundred passes;

The order read at half-past nine,
And then to eight he changed the time.
Said Nealis, "Hurry up your gang,
Or you will have no man to hang."
(Before the hell-hounds my character stain,
Ask this honest doctor if I'm insane.)

TERRIBLE DISCOVERY OF A LOST SON.

Now came the struggle to avert the fate;
Great names in city, county, state—
Pierpont, Evarts, Porter, Foley, Weed,
And the legal host the *Uncle feed*!
Petitions from Wardwell, Bishop and Tyng,
Poured into Albany in order to bring
Dix on humanity's side. The victim's wife
Also prayed that he would save the convict's life.
The warden and keepers, fearing this might fail,
Signed a "Round-Robin" for mercy in the jail.
"Do not kill him!" begged the jurymen,
"We would not hang him if tried again."
All this was managed to condone the crime
Through the journals at a dollar a line!
(The Press is a brothel where you pay
And get diseased as you pass that way!)
Before the crime his virtues were forgot;
Forsaken! he became a drunken sot.
With rich relations, he married poor,
Then Religion closed its Christian door,
When, presto! up sprung the wealthy Kemp
With bags of gold when he smelt the hemp!

"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

If Dix intended to murder the man
Why did he give him two weeks' span?
With judicial mind blind as a bat,
Why examine car hook and Putnam's hat?
As Christians torture before they kill,
When they execute God's holy will,
Why not use thumb-screw and the rack
To mark the Bible's bloody track?
These sacred customs deserve our scorn;
Why not murder him with chloroform?
This loathsome and disgusting sight
Well represents our Christian light!
The heart will shudder, the flesh will creep,
To hear the widow and orphans weep.
We save poor Foster by breaking the rod
In murdering him in the name of God.
Tyng's Young Mule Concubine Association
Killed the Bible and disgraced the nation.
Dear Foster! Jesus says you must die;
Glory be to God on gallows high!

A MAGIC SCENE IN THE DIM GASLIGHT.

"God bless you!" Father kissed his boy
The first time since his youthful joy.
"I don't want the children here," he said;
"Have them think well of me when I'm dead."
"Good-bye, father!" The door shuts with a slam,
And Dix has sent no telegram.
E'en the gaslights are growing pale
Mid the weird shadows of the dismal jail.
The convict's mother was sick at home,
An invalid left to mourn alone;
Now comes the wife, the saddest scene of all,
To say farewell before the gallows' fall.
"Kiss her William!" Take the last sad toll—
The last kiss from that despairing soul;
Those loving hearts in that wild embrace
Leave still a gloom in this ghostly place—
A wailing cry a whispered prayer,
A gasp of anguish and despair;
What agony as each the other cheers,
Heart throbs, moans, sobs and tears!
The sheriffs weep. 'Tis beyond belief
To see these harsh men so bowed with grief;
E'en the gray haired keeper, Orr,
A prison veteran in peace and war,
When the stricken wife resumed her cries
Was seen to turn and wipe his eyes;
Those aching words and sighs from depths of woe
Are echoing still through Murderer's Row.

THE PICTURE OF MISERY ROUND THE STOVE.

You may rest assured there was no mirth
During these last few hours on earth.
Two brothers and brother-in-law—
'Twas the saddest scene I ever saw,
Those choking sighs! Good-bye! forever good-bye!
Again he pressed her to his breast; another cry
Of agony! He covered her face with kisses again,
While head and heart were bursting with pain.
"Farewell William!" 'Tis our last good-bye.
Oh, would to God that I too could die!
Oh, the anguish of that woman's sobs!
The heart that's broken never throbs.
(Through the iron wicket in my felon's cell
I could hear every word that fell.)
"Be kind to him, sheriff," said his wife,
"For he soon will end this mortal life."
Then as the sunshine faded in the sky,
She uttered one wild piercing cry,
And fell fainting on the dismal floor,
Never to see her husband more!

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Foster fell back on his chair and wept.
Alone! The sheriffs all thought he slept.
They ate their supper round the red hot stove,
While Orr into gallows history dove.
Hope darkens into dread, dread into despair,
While telling ghost stories over this midnight fare.
Wild screamed the wind through the gibbet that night,
Wilder the maniac's delirium fight!
The black shades of the prison lamps so dim
Shrouded the gallows not twenty feet from him,
God's bloodless lethargic Christian jaws
Smacked for the victim of unjust laws.
In looking at the record it appears
Thirty men have been hung in twenty years.

THE SPECTRAL PROCESSION.

But ghosts are fancies, yet they seem to walk
In weird shadows with a phantom talk.
Friery, Ferris, Buckout, Wagner, Reel,
O'Brien, Gordon, Hawkins, you can feel
Their presence! Gonzales and Pelissier,

And Rogers and Thomas stop the way,
Read the shadow banner on the walls arrayed.
Chief Marshal Reynolds said "Hanging was played."
Pistol, sand-bag, sword cane, slung shot,
Knife, poison, car-hook, all have got
Their champions in this murderous strife
Of ending in violence a human life.
The hangman's cap, the rope, the fear of death,
The signal! when falling weight stops the breath;
Hands fly up! legs stiffen! a man and a rope,
God enjoys the sight, Christ likes a joke!
What does that Tombs' procession mean?
Foster starts up as in a dream,
He sees them all enter that condemned cell,
And indures once more the tortures of hell!

THE DEPARTED SPIRITS AGAIN WALTZING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR.

The ruined gamester, the pistol shot,
The Morgue, the very name forgot;
Wife and children starving at home,
The husband dead and they left alone.
He strikes! he sinks! he gasps for breath!
The curtain falls, rum, shame and death!
He broke his matrimonial bond
And enters that mystery beyond.
Oh! the sin the Pagan scorns,
These Christians crucified with thorns.
List! again there come the dancers,
All those shadow necromancers,
With murdered men from thirty-four,
The raven croaking *Nevermore!*

THE BANQUET OF DEATH.

Does he see Adams floating out with the tide,
And Colt cheating the gallows by suicide.
He feels in his pocket, *the poison is there,*
"D—n these Christians!" and utters a prayer.
"Good-night, Billy!" said the Warden at two;
"Good-night, Warden! you have always been true,"
I will try and get a good night's rest,
And at daylight I will try and do my best.
"Good-night, Seebacker and Hanbury!" "Goodnight!"
Foster, pleasant dreams, but don't blow out the light."
At three he swallowed the poison and went to bed,
At seven the matron thought him dead.
He slept so sound! Between seven and eight
He said he was sick, he had slept so late.
They forced black coffee down his throat—
As brandy was refused—as an antidote.
The black draught Mrs. Foster made him drink
Brought out the poison while on the brink.
Vandewater, Phillips, when awake from sleep,
Say Foster's face was as white as a sheet.
Warden Daly—*though too weak to talk*—
Quick down the corridor made him walk.
God saved the victim through this Christian puke,
Tyng owes his prayer to that coffee fluke.
But the *Herald* says the stench in his cell
Was enough to have made Foster unwell;
And yet this boasting journal so brave,
About the Tombs is silent as the grave!

ANOTHER TABLEAU—THE CHRISTIAN JUBILATE.

The morn broke dim, the sky was gray,
That "Black Friday," cold and dismal day,
Two uprights, a cross-beam and rope,
A hangman, a weight, a clerical joke;
Stone-walls, barred windows, a motley crowd,
The Church, the State, and a funeral shroud!
Now we go up! up! up!
Now we go down! down! down!
With a jump and a jerk,
A prayer from the kirk,
Tyng's God plays hangman and clown!
Hail Faust! old Mephistopheles
Has pocketed his Christian fees.
Will this example stop all crime?
Bah! another murder the very time
That Foster was dying with poison pain,
A bullet was crushing Goodrich's brain.
Was there some terrible fraud to smother?
Could he have been murdered by his brother!
* * * * *
Oh this miserable mockery of God!
Damnation stood where the pastor trod.
Hurray, boys! "what a splendid jerk,"
Said Jobson; "Our system beats the Turk."
Mockery of hell! with his falling breath,
Tyng's song of glory was a shriek of death!

THE CARNIVAL OF THE PRIESTS.

Father Stephen, Son, and Foster's ghost,
Brennan and all his hangmen host,
With boxes, parquet and orchestra chairs,
All filled. The gong was struck for prayers.
Then came a rusk to be in at the death,
With sheriff passes, men all out of breath.
Like the ebb and flow of the ocean tide,
Swayed that curious morbid crowd outside.
One innocent thing relieved the guilty scene;
'Twas the cooing pigeons on the old cross-beam.
Hats off! 'tis Brennan and Foster alone,
Rallying God's angels around the throne.

THE HANGMAN SHAMES HIS SPECTATORS.

They crushed the black cap o'er his head,
They tied his arms that slunk with dread;
With jokes and puns the lawyers and lays,
While stamping their feet upon the flags,
Watched Foster, half dead with poison and shame,
And thought that Dix was the most to blame.
Would we had some *Writ of Error*
To dispel that look of abject terror.
Think of that brutal, ghastly crowd
Betting over that gallows shroud!
The hangman even, who hides himself with shame,
Has better sentiments than these men can claim.
The carrion birds are always in feather,
When church, bench and thieves are in jail together.

TYNG ADVERTISES THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHILE THE CATHOLIC FATHERS MODESTLY SAW THE PRISONER IN HIS CELL.

While Tyng explained the mercy of the Lord
The sheriff adjusted the gallows cord.
While telling how Christ was crucified

The crowd thought Foster would have died.
The praying crowd were all in tears.
What ho, there! Brennan again appears.
The doomed man gave an anxious look,
And, stricken as with the palsy, shook.

"God bless thee! keep thee! and mercy commit thee,
You will live forever! when Christ you see;
God has a banquet and a ball in store,
Dear Foster! Peace forever more."
The poor man tried to wipe his eyes;
Was it for shame at these Christian lies?

You should have heard old Stephen snort
When Brennan told him to "cut it short."
"Do hurry," said Sheriff, "you see he's no stronger,
Foster can't stand up five minutes longer."

THE CHRISTIAN BAND CONTINUES TO PLAY—THE CHURCH ORGAN DECLINES TO STOP.

Is this hollow service intended to blind
The thought of pardon in the convict's mind?
The priest was not willing to lose the chance
Of this pomp and glorious circumstance.
(So while deadly poison sought solution,
Tyng pushed his God into the Constitution.
But Brennan did his duty as neat
As when Tyng at Cooper shut off Treat!
"Glory to God!" Hosannas sing,
Stand up Foster! We must wait for Tyng.
Jesus died to save you from sin
(And hang the holy smugglers of tin!)
"And you see life's dregs are in his cup,"
Said Brennan to Tyng, "For God's sake, dry up!"
But Tyng was too near the "Bridge of Sighs"
To lose his chance to advertise.
Tyng's last words: "God bless you, my son!
God is happy! His will is done."
Then the priest once again the convict blest,
And his Sunday-school scholar went to his rest.

THE HORROR AT SEEING ANOTHER PRIEST TRYING TO ROB

THE GALLOW'S MADE BRENNAN FURIOUS.
Then Tyng the convict began to coddle,
When Walker commenced his senseless twaddle.
Was it poison of drug, or poison, or fear?
Perhaps 'twas the chills and fever here.
Or was Foster a coward, afraid to die,
That made him shrink from his new neck-tie?
The Sheriff very impatient had grown,
For fear God would be robbed of his own.
What an age before the young priest said Amen!
Just as old Tyng was going at it again.
"Be a man, Billy! Oh! be a man!"
The strangulation then began.
Stevens swung his cap at nine twenty-one,
The big weight fell and the murder was done.
Down went the thud, tight drew the cord,
And Foster, in glory, drank with the Lord!

"I am the resurrection and the life;
He that believeth in me shall never die."
That very moment ended Foster's strife,
And proves Tyng's promise a Godly lie.

THE VAMPIRE FINALE—HANGING A DYING MAN.

The Sheriffs were paid, the preachers were feed,
The body was dangling like broken reed.
A twist! a struggle! a heart-throb or two,
And Foster and Dix got their *Watertoes!*
A Sunday-school scholar, "Four-fingered Bill,"
Executed the Christian hangman's will.
While Tyng was thinking of his bobtail prayer,
His Sunday pupil was dangling in the air.
What a Christian lesson! Just before he died
He went back on his pastor by suicide.

Dead silence reigns! The pulse is still,
Dix and death have now had their will.
The rosewood and satin casket
Had silver mountings! Did he ask it?
This display of wealth they have made too late,
Money and kindness would have changed his fate!

SCATTERED THOUGHTS UNDER THE GALLOW'S.

Stare at the corpse as it swings in the breeze,
Priest, lawyer and doctor have got their fees.
Coroner Marsh and Professor Budd
Are satisfied with banquet of blood.
In twelve minutes he died; but eight more
They kindly allowed, like Christians of yore.
Then they signed the paper as a holy token
That God the convict's neck had broken.
When Barnum's Phoenix, rising from the fires,
His humbug show his God inspires
To admit all clergymen free,
Why not pay them besides a fee?
Had Tyng not been stopped Foster would have died,
And the Church been robbed by a suicide.
Perhaps Dix could make us believe
He antedated a reprieve.
Why did Brennan choke this man so soon,
When other convicts are hung at noon?
The snub they gave to these old white chokers
Proves these sheriffs are practical jokers!

SOME STARTLING SUGGESTIONS, WITH A FACT OR TWO.

Was he too cowardly to stem death's tide?
Did the Church from shame advise suicide?
The Priest in India is a Thug;
Did * * * give Foster the drug?
One thing more would drive the preacher wild,
And that is, a Tombs, *post mortem* child!
The newspapers need not the poison deny,
It is the denial we denounce a lie.
Why did Tyng use an oath over Foster's grave
To deny he took poison his shame to save?
Besides breaking the law of man and God!
No convict shall sleep under Greenwood's sod! *

TYNG CONVICTED.

* All lots shall be held in pursuance of an Act to incorporate Greenwood Cemetery, passed April 18, 1833, and the several Acts to alter and amend the same, passed April 11, 1839; May 11, 1846; April 5, 1850; June 8, 1853; March 21, 1865; and March 16, 1867, and shall not be used for any other purpose than as a place for the burial of the dead, nor shall any person be allowed to be interred therein who shall have died in any prison, or shall have been executed for any crime.

Foster's ruling passion was strong in death,
He called for brandy with his dying breath.
A few days before this comedy of law,

* * * * *
This shows that Foster, when *insane* with drink,
Would kill his friend before he stops to think!

DOWN WITH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Dix has fought and won his maiden battle,
While death was ringing his Christian rattle,
Foster, Duval, Putnam, Tyng and Dix
Have placed the law in a singular fix.
The duel between him and the law is over;
But is General Dix himself in *dover*?
Doing State service in youth and strength
Might have brought reform at length.
Idle gallows or dead-letter law,
Is a standing army without war.

THE COMMISSIONERS AND THE CITY OFFICIALS MUST BE INDICTED FOR MURDER.

The official reports all seem to agree
With the first statements made by me,
That a dead man every day
From the Tombs was carted away.
It took three months' torture to get redress,
And tear down the Tombs in spite of the press.
Why don't the *Herald*, with its usual cheek,
Come out and declare that they found the leak?
Why not demolish the old City Hall,
And build a jail with courts for all,
As near as you can to Trinity spire,
And so do away with the "Black Maria"?
Having hung a corpse through doubt and fear,
What about these other murderers here?
These Harolds and Baums, and scores of men
That are slaughtered in this Christian pen?
Shall Commissioners and officials escape,
When all these other murderers meet their fate?

THE HOLY TRINITY OF THIEVES.

The Doctor, the Lawyer and the Priest
Are crutches on which humanity's beast
Hobbles through an ignorant world,
And into hell at last are hurled!
Your Body—Pocket and your Soul
They auction for their Christian toll;
And when this Holy Trinity flings,
The churches don't fish through party rings.
To bear on your fortune, life and mind
These Hell Hounds can any verdict find!
These three combined are a fiendish host,
Who use the Father, Son and Holy Ghost
With hypocrite phrase upon their knees,
As saintly drummers to draw their fees.
Beecher, Colfax, Hammond and Phelps
Well represent these Christian whelps.
Down with the Bible! Send God to Jail!
His "obscene" writings pollute the mail!
My exposure of this He Harlot fraud,
Startles the swindlers and breaks the Lord!

MURDER AT SIGHT THROUGH EMOTIONAL INSANITY.

At the sacred altar, where the churchmen kneel,
The smuggling Dodges break through and steal;
While the harlot lights the lord to bed,
The pure and noble have aching head.
Four months! and yet no one has heard
Beecher deny a single word.
What a chance they give us now to strike,
And blow out the brains of those we dislike.
Should Hammond and Phelps get a mortal blow,
The Court and the Journals and all will know
That he who is "harmless, of unsound mind,"
Not guilty, of course, the jury would find.
You warm your stables for horses and hogs,
And carpet the kennels of your dogs;
Even your cellars are heated by steam,
While your vaults let air and sunshine gleam.
The man who in the Bastille spends
One-half his life deprived of friends—
Friends! who come to sympathize
When a man under torture lies.
Your Christian look my nature jars,
Hands off! How dare you touch these bars!
Farewell, you dogs; and hear my text,
Address Asylum Thursday next.

* * * * *
The swindlers begin to shake with fear!
List! Boom! Hark! Boom! DINNA YE HEAR!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

(President of the Murders' Club, undergoing torture in a Christian Bastille for quoting three columns of Bible "obscenity," while forty millions of dogs look on and see the people slaughtered. Forty human beings have been brutally murdered since I was thrown into a felon's cell, fourteen weeks ago.)

CELL 56, MURDERERS' ROW, THE TOMBS, March 25, 1873.

THE SHADOW WALTZERS FOSTER SAW DANCING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS.

THE GALLOW'S DEATH ROLL.

The following is a list of executions in New York during the past forty-one years:

Daniel Ransom, January 7, 1832.
Richard Jackson, November 10, 1835.
Samuel Hackley, January 14, 1837.
Edward Coleman, January 12, 1838.
Patrick Russell, December 8, 1841.
James Eager, May 9, 1845.
Charles Thomas, November 20, 1846.
Matthew Wood, June 2, 1849.
Benson and Douglas, July 25, 1851.
Aaron Stokey, September 19, 1851.
Otto Grunsig, February 27, 1852.
Patrick Fitzgerald, April 10, 1852.
William Saul and Nicholas Howlett, January 23, 1853.
Joseph Clark, February 11, 1853.
James L. Hoare, January 27, 1854.
John Dorsey, July 17, 1857.
James Rodgers, November 12, 1858.
James Stephens, February 3, 1860.
John Crimmins, March 30, 1860.
*Albert Hicks, July 30, 1860.

Nathan Gordon, February 21, 1862.
William Henry Hawkins, June 27, 1862.
Bernard Friery, August 17, 1866.
Frank Ferris, October 19, 1866.
George Wagner, March 1, 1867.
Jerry O'Brien, August 2, 1867.
John Reynolds, April 8, 1870.
John Real, August 5, 1870.
John Thomas, March 10, 1871.
William Foster, March 21, 1873.

* Hicks was confined in the Tombs until the day of execution, when he was taken to Bedloe's Island and hanged.

ORDER SIGNED FOR BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Reporter.—Anything transpired to-day, Mr. Train, in your case?

G. F. Train.—Yes; Green tells me, the city editor of the Sun, that Phelps has signed the order to take me to Blackwell's Island to-morrow.

Reporter.—And will you go without protest, or your friends taking some action?

G. F. Train.—Of course I will; as for taking action that is absurd. I have found the law a fraud. The whole extent of my "obscene" crime was only a six months' sentence, and I have been under torture fourteen weeks without trial, examination or even accusation; so if this can be done inside the law, why pay away your money to go outside of it? As for friends, I do not believe in them; as for the people, they are slaves.

Reporter.—Do you really think they dare to send you in the face of the rising of the people? There will be a mob!

A SINGULAR PROPOSITION FROM THE COURT.

G. F. Train.—Those the God's wish to destroy—you know the proverb. The people will act when it is too late. They intend to murder me. *It is in the air.* To-day Phelps or some one in the court sent Judge D*** to me to say that if I would go down to the court to-day and plead *not guilty*, I would be at once discharged. I, of course, declined. *Death before dishonor.*

MRS. FOSTER'S DEATH—A STARTLING RUMOR.

Just at this moment one of the keepers whispered to Mr. Train, "Mrs. Foster is dead." "Aha!" said Mr. T., "what did I tell you and Stokes yesterday? Foul play again. I said she would die within a week."

Reporter.—Mr. Train, you will excuse me, but standing at the grating I could but hear your conversation just now, may I ask what you meant by foul play?

THE PLOT THICKENS.

G. F. Train.—Read the Epigram I gave you yesterday, that hints at the mystery. * * * Came to me yesterday and solemnly swore that Mrs. Foster was *eniente*, some three months gone. That Foster had signed a paper the day before he died, in the presence of the Reverend Drs. Tyng and Walker, that Foster was the father of the child, and that Dr. Tyng has the paper. Now as a document would only be known to the three (and perhaps the wife) it could not have leaked out except through Foster, who could not keep a secret, as instanced by his telling four people that he took poison—the matron Foster, Daley, and even told John, my waiter, who brought me my bread and cocoa, just after Foster's, the morning of execution, that he had taken poison but was afraid as they were hurrying up the execution that he would not die in time.

Reporter.—Do you think he was poisoned?

A PLAUSIBLE SUGGESTION.

G. F. Train.—Yes. I think that when she kissed him goodbye and shrieked so you could hear her all over the jail, as she fell fainting to the floor, she put the poison in his mouth with the kiss by mutual understanding. He, you remember, refused to take anything from the midnight Sheriffs, when eating their supper, and Miss Foster had to force the coffee down his throat in the morning.

IS THERE ANOTHER MURDER.

There should be immediately a *post mortem* examination, to nail this last (maybe infamous slander) rumor to the counter. It is either poison or an attempt at abortion. The examination will at least set the child story at rest, as no prisoner's wife is allowed under the rules to enter the cell of the condemned, or any of us as to that. This complicates the matter. The plot thickens, but you must excuse me, sir, I am not well to-day. Here is a P. S. to the Epigram.

ANOTHER MURDER IN THE TOMBS.

The cell in which Foster was, was filled by a fearful stench, which would have made almost any man sick at the stomach, and in his weak condition the effect upon Foster was only natural.—Statement of James Dunphy, Deputy Sheriff, which applies as well to all the cells.

The hearse has arrived. I heard the bell,
Another bumper has gone to hell!
Rattle his bones over the stones,
The drunken kuss that no one owns.
Murder in the Tombs is all the rage,
He just fell dead in the drunkard's cage.
One a day! Oh it is Christian fun,
To hang a corpse and stifle a bum,
How can any of us keep well,
With a stench like that in Foster's cell?
(Is Livingstone dead? Has Kelly been shot?
I hope Bennett will win with his yacht.)

A CONVICTED LIAR—TYNG'S INHUMANITY TO FOSTER.

I give the lie to Stephen Tyng;
We murderers here know everything.
When, in the face of Daly, he denies
The poison story, he simply lies!
Could he not see that poor Foster's face
Was stamped with death while praying for grace?
When Foster himself told all he met,
Is it likely he would his pastor forget?
Did Reverend Doctor Stephen Tyng
To Foster the fatal poison bring
To save the honor of his Sunday School?
If not he acted like a fool!
Is there woman in this strange case—
Another Beecher-Tilton disgrace?

Would a Christian stick to Foster alone,
While the Tombs each day had its dying groan?
Have you heard that Tyng, who prays so well,
Ever visited any sick man's cell?
And yet he knew we were dying like dogs;
That men were slaughtered like cattle and hogs!

A STRANGE STORY.

Did Walker, Tyng and Foster agree
To suppress some family mystery?
Poor Mrs. Foster is no better.
Will Tyng explain the dead man's letter?
Why did this churchman come to pray
With Foster once or twice a day?
Does this rumor traced to him
Cover up some hidden sin?
The secret was kept between these three—
If 'tis a lie, why, bring it to me?
Tyng calls Pagans in his Bible games
Dogs and skunks and vilest of names.
Devils from heaven will soon be cast—
The worms have turned on the Church at last.
Was it love of Foster or hate of shame
That he worked so hard to save a name?
He looks and acts like a Pharisee:
Was all this done to secure his fee?
After the crime Kemp spent an enormous sum,
While before a little might have saved the son.
Almighty God! his only hope,
Choked him to death with a Christian rope.
Stephen Tyng now mourns his loss
With Jesus Christ on gallows cross.

DOWN WITH THE CHRISTIAN DEATH-TRAP.

In what way did Foster repent?
Almost every night he spent
In drink, whenever he got the brandy—
And in the Tombs money finds it handy.
Let them assert, deny, curse and pray,
Dix and Brennan hanged a corpse that day!

A word to the juries next in place,
These murderers here will meet death's face
With certain poison! I know them well.
Each will do what he undertakes;
They will make no Foster mistakes!
So the Court should stop the hangman's strife,
And send these men to labor for life.
All jurymen who hang on gallows tree
Will commit murder in the first degree.
So Sing Sing your man or let him go;
Hanging is played in Murderer's Row!

A WORD ABOUT MYSELF.

I don't believe in dreams or ghosts,
Goblins and all the angel hosts,
But intuition. Presentiment
Discounts the future when word is sent.
I fear the cusses have got me at last;
The vault's foul air is working so fast
Through my chest and lungs, yet still I fight,
And battle for life with all my might.
With my life in hand on barricade,
No thought of death makes me afraid;
But last night there came upon the scene
A skeleton in a horrid dream.
The cell was so cold, the walls were so damp;
Without a friend but my kerosene lamp.
Although my heart is brave and true,
I admit for once that I was blue.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The manikin grinned as he winked at me,
And jumped in the coffin with yell of glee;
He danced on the floor and waltzed on the bed;
He trod on my toes and sat on my head.
What in h—l is this mystery?
D—n his soul, does he want a fee!
Are all the frauds and swindlers rended?
Has my strange mission really ended?
Stand by the helm! with curse on lip.
For God's sake! don't give up the ship!
Will you ever again hear from me?
Have I acted out my destiny?
'Twill be a *Sadova* when it comes to pass
That I give the order to shut off the gas.
Phelps and Hammond have got their tolls;
May God have mercy on their souls!
What a relief to get a change of air.
Dear Brothers! Let us unite in prayer!

G. F. T.,

(Or all that remains of the coming Dictator.)

THE TOMBS, Cell 56, March 25, 1873.

[From the Toledo (O.) Sun, Sunday, March 23, 1873.]
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Fighting the Battle of Truth with nearly all the (Official) World
Against Him.

Yet he Lives in the Hearts of the People.

Epigrams Inspired under the Torture of dying Men.

Startling Suggestions.

Rosenzweig's Medical Certificate a Severe Bit of Sarcasm on Hammond's Lunacy Report.

Train in the Tombs still Ringing the Alarm Bell.

Reporter.—Have you taken any counter action on this Commission of Lunacy?

G. F. Train.—Only to consult my private physician, who has given me this certificate:

ROSENZWEIG ON TRAIN—MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

THE TOMBS, CELL 68,
March 16, 1873.

"At the special request of George Francis Train, Esq., I have carefully examined him, and hereby state that he is *compos mentis* except on the Dictatorship.

JACOB ROSENZWEIG, M. D."

Reporter.—What is your opinion about this strange proceeding of the Court?

WHAT IT ALL MEANS.

G. F. Train.—Fear. Truth is volcanic in its action on Fraud. Congressmen know I hold the private documents on Credit Mobilier. Editors know that I have the names of the subsidizers. Lawyers know that I am hourly unraveling the mystery of judicial murder in the Tombs. Doctors know that I believe the lancet and speculum is corrupting the entire community. Vaccination is medical homicide. Preachers know that the Religion of Humanity (of their Pagan colleague) is displeasing to the Religion of Hypocrisy. Politicians know that I am aware that by collusion of leaders of both parties all legislation is organized to crucify forty millions of people between two thieves, Church and State. Hence that Insane Commission is a put-up job, and is telegraphed all over the country through the Associated Press (who never mention my name except to stain it) in order to checkmate the uprising of the people. The hundred-thousand army in the St. Patrick's parade to-morrow are with me to a man. [See wild anthem, to Mr. Train, St. Patrick's Day.] Look at these papers tumbling in upon me by mail and telegraph:

SURPRISE OF THE PEOPLE.

Letters and telegrams were lying on his vault bench expressing astonishment at the Lunacy Commission. This is a sample:

TELEGRAM.

OMAHA, March 16, 1873.

George Francis Train, the Tombs, New York:

"Have telegraphed Ex-Attorney General Chatfield to see you immediately and upset the damnable plot of the Christian Association Credit Foncier Hell-hounds to railroad you to Asylum. GEO. P. BEMIS."

WILL SEE NO REPORTERS BUT THE SUN.

Reporter.—Have you any comments to make on passing events outside?

G. F. Train.—Only to request that no reporters will take the trouble to call, as I have given orders to see none but those of the Sun. Represent the people. Give them the honest opportunity, without fear or favor, to speak through the Sun, and you can just as well have a million of my boys as a hundred thousand readers.

THE MOCKERY OF RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE TOMBS.

Reporter.—Have you anything in relation to the Tombs?

G. F. Train.—Nothing, only the usual mockery of religious service while locked in our cells, where the prisoners may be playing three-card monte (no other land puts three or four men in one cell), and the preacher talks to iron doors and never sees his audience. In all other countries where services are held there is a chapel in the jail where the prisoners are brought out under the usual guard, and Protestant service for Protestants, and Catholic for Catholics; while here they have no service but the Protestant, and most of the prisoners are Catholics. But you must excuse me, as I am too busy preparing my book on Christianity to lose a moment. Here is an Epigram as suggestive as it is brief, which you may have in lieu of a longer interview:

EPIGRAM.

EXPLORING IN THE CATACOMBS.

Truth is mighty with the insane;
The daily deaths in the Tombs are here,
While falsehood, exposed, groans in pain,
Yet lives among its profifiers—Thanatopsis.

THE NEMESIS.

What retribution in the future looms!
This strange apathy about the Tombs!
The terrible silence of the press
When shown humanity's dire distress,
All these wretched prisoners agree
Covers up some startling mystery!
Three months in this vault—this living grave
I have called on Justice life to save;
Inventing literature of Epigram
In trying to rescue my fellow man.
As for myself, no Pagan breath
Has ever been afraid of Death,
The birds and flowers in Nature's hell,
And air and warmth we love so well,
Are not mixed up in Christian heaven.
Hypocrites fear to enter heaven!

HUMBLE SUGGESTIONS FROM A "LUNATIC"

There are many things that seem so queer;
Four keepers discharged since I came here.
Would you know why prisoner dies?
Please send down and analyze
The water, air, the dirt and bread,
Then call the roll of murdered dead!
Not Doctor's Committee on Board of Health,
Whose report on poverty brings them wealth,
But a commission of honest experts,
Instead of a Ring of legal squirts.
Where Croton and vault runs through one pipe,
It has strange effect upon your tripe!
Why send drunkards and "lunatics" here,
Unless for reasons that don't appear?
This is neither an asylum nor jail,
But detention house for procuring bail;
A station where crime is in transit,
And courts decide what is best to do,
Yet men are buried here for years,
'Till death at last wipes out their tears!
Untried, uncared for and forgotten.
Surely there must be something rotten.

WHO GETS ALL THE MONEY?

Citizens! do you think it right
For some to leave here in the night?
Do the people ten or fifteen dollars pay
For food that costs but twenty cents a day?
There's a pile of money made out there,
Out of this slop-bowl prison fare,
Why charge hotel prices for second joints
In this mammoth boarding-house of Five Points?
Paying nothing for water, help or fire,
Why should the prices be any higher?
They quote good Miss Foster for health;
Why not report her Tombs-made wealth?
As politicians are liable to err,
Do Commissioners ever divide with her?
Build a new jail! Centralize your vices,
And make your fortune at Court-house prices!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Tombs Committee of Investigation on Behalf of the Outraged People.
THE TOMBS, Cell 56, Murderer's Row, March 16, 1873.

[Continued on Second Page.]